JARY 14 — 20, 1981

RS. 2

EVE'S WEEKLY

HOW TO KEEP IT

INSIDE:

OLD IN YEARS, YOUNG AT HEART!

A clean, healthy skin doesn't happen by magic

A clean, healthy skin is a woman's stepping stone to beauty. No magical potion can produce clean, healthy skin. It can only be achieved by daily skin care, with the right scientifically formulated preparation.

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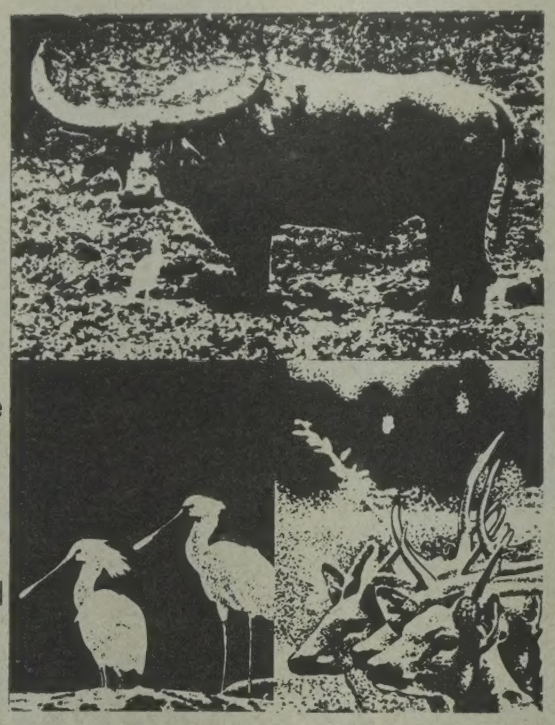
The forests echo with the call of the wild.

India's treasure of wildlife is as spectacular and as varied as the land itself.

From the great sweep of the Himalayas in the north to the mangrove swamps in the east. From the sprawling deserts of the west to the virgin forests of the south: India abounds in natural habitats; home of some of the richest and rarest species of wildlife in the world. The black buck, the Nilgiri tahr, the golden langur, the lion-tailed macaque, the pygmy hog—species that are unique to the sub continent.



Animal kingdoms in the North

Corbett National Park. The surrounding hills are shaded in purple and grey. Golden sunshine pours across a landscape of bronze and green...this is tiger country. Sprawling across 375 square kms, cradled in the lap of the Himalayas.

Gir. Stronghold of the Asiatic lion. And home of the Chowsingha (four-horned antelope), a unique Indian species.

Bharatpur. The first light of day, and dark clouds of birds approach with the whisper of beating wings. Grey-lags, pintails, mallards, grey herons. A bird watchers paradise.

The Southern wilds

Bandipur. Once the royal reserve of the Maharajas of Karnataka. Home of the shaggy bison and the spotted deer.

Mudumalai. Adjoining Bandipur. Teeming with herds of elephants, bison, barking deer, tigers and leopards.

Periyar. Probably the most picturesque of all elephant sanctuaries.

Wild elephants graze near the water. Lion-tailed monkeys swing lightly from trees. Occasionally the elusive Nilgiri tahr can be seen, silhouetted against the evening sky.

Rhino country in the East'

Kaziranga in Assam and Jaldapara in Bengal. Abodes of the great Indian one-horned rhinoceros. Other wild life include wild buffalo, swamp deer, hog deer and boar.

Come away to a holiday in the wilds. You'll find a lot more to extend your stay.

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Voices in the Wilderness

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More to choose from:
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Ralli Kleertone

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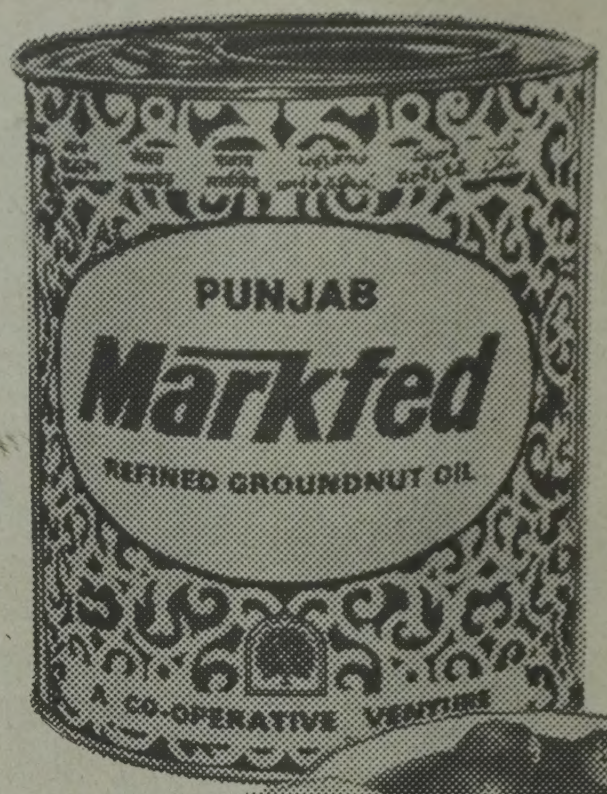

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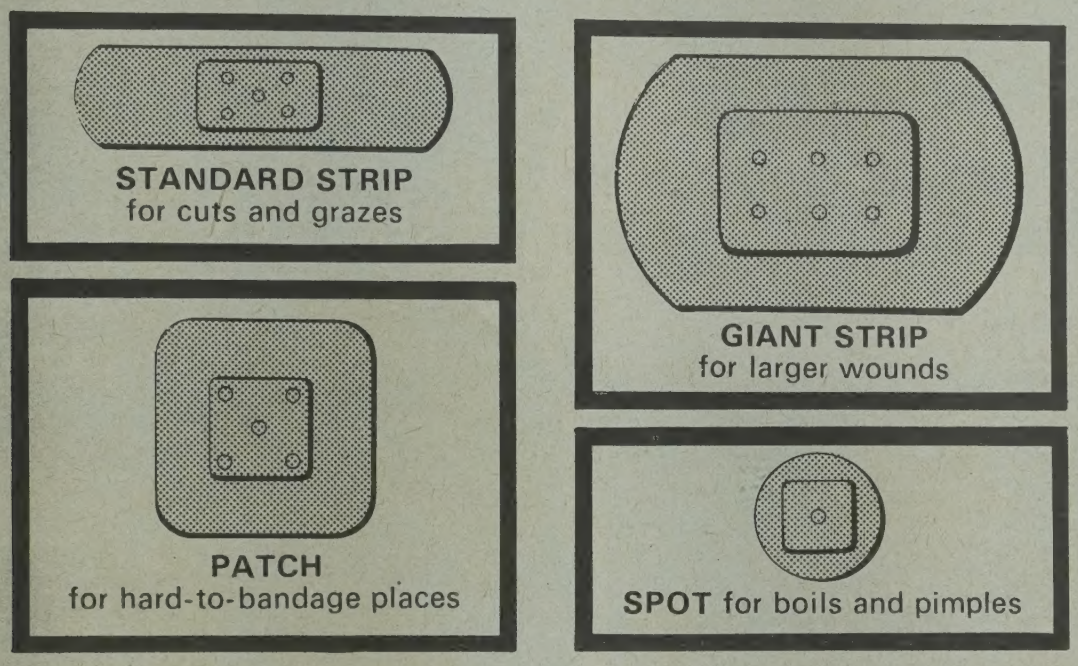
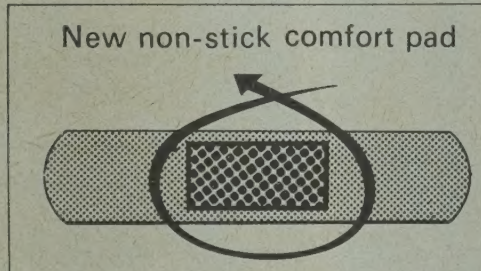
Wounds come in all shapes and sizes

So do BAND-AID Dressings



Wounds are open to infection. Protect them with BAND-AID Dressings. Available in different shapes and sizes to conveniently cover any wound.

Always keep a pack of BAND-AID Dressings handy.



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- a new non-stick pad for greater comfort, faster healing
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Protect against infection with BAND-AID BRAND Dressings

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Comfit keeps your secret

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Cover :
MAHAJBEEN SULTANA
(See story on page 22)

Photograph : Moviemaker India, Delhi

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eve's weekly

OLD IN YEARS, YOUNG AT HEART
15 Interviews with a cross-section of active, interesting personalities reveal the secret of their youthful outlook.

REJUVENATION THROUGH AYURVEDA
18 This ancient school of medicine has been perfected by the Keralites, who offer a variety of massages to retain health and vigour.

WORKING FOR WOMEN'S HEALTH
22 A profile of the dynamic, attractive Mahajbeen Sultana, who manages a well-known health club in Delhi.

THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH
47 And who are better qualified to reveal their secrets than evergreen hero Dev Anand and glamorous grandma Shashikala, the eternal siren of the Hindi screen?

ALSO

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REGULAR FEATURES

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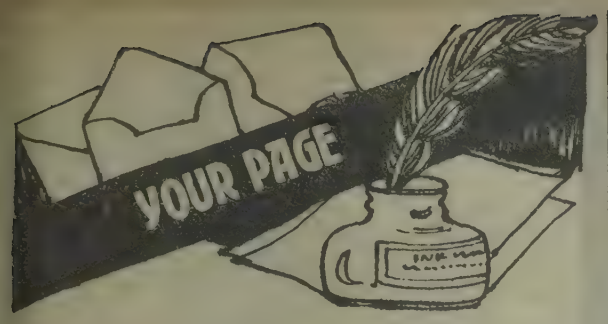

**Do you have something to say?
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for the three best letters.**

1st PRIZE

QUALITY MEDICINES

A problem that is developing slowly and silently into a potential crisis in India is the problem of obtaining medical goods and services. Increasing incidence of malnutrition and sickness, instead of leading to a boost in the supply of drugs, results curiously in adulteration and malpractices. Supply lags behind demand and profits of multinational pharmaceutical companies soar constantly at the cost of the poor.

This calls for urgent steps to distribute the available medicines properly at fair prices throughout the country. There should be a retail medical store with a qualified pharmacist in every hospital and about fifty medical shops in each city in important shopping centres.

Sometime back, the Centre had mooted the idea of selling drugs through post offices. This is a laudable idea as it will bring needed medicines right to the doorstep of every villager with very little overhead expenditure. Legislation should be introduced to award deterrent punishment for all drug offences.

Efforts must also be made to supplement medical supplies by popularising lesser-known but effective systems of medicines like the Unani and Homeopathy systems. These steps will go a long way in alleviating the sufferings of the common man.

MRS. PREMA BASKARAN, Madurai.
Disease almost kills our poor — spurious drugs finish them off. We owe it to our more unfortunate countrymen to strive for impeccable, safe and inexpensive medicines made easily accessible to all.

2nd PRIZE

ANTI-MURDER TIPS

The recent cold-blooded murder of Mrs. Shantidevi Narayanan in a local train should serve as a warning to all women: to always travel in a gents' or 'mixed' compartment; to wear cheap, imitation jewellery instead of gold or real diamonds and pearls; never to travel alone, however short the distance, even in daytime; if attacked by a goonda, to hand over whatever he demands. And, further, before boarding a taxi, note down its number, ensure that there are good, inner handles to open the doors quickly from within; and close the glass-pane windows to prevent thieves putting their hands in. And if the taxi-driver seems hostile and attempts to take you off your destination, open the windows and holler loudly for help.

A woman's best defence anywhere, in train or taxi or wherever, is a 3" spring knife, with a press button action. It should be carried on your person for instant use. If attacked, wield it with vigour, aiming at the criminal's eyes, neck or heart. Don't be afraid to kill him — didn't he try to kill you?

MR. KEXRU R. DAVER, Bombay.

No matter what precautions are taken, these murders will recur because a woman just isn't safe anymore. Of course, that is not to say that no precausions should be taken. Women must give up wearing jewellery on the roads and must be alert to all dangers. However, we wonder how many women will find it easy to stab an assailant...

3rd PRIZE

UNHOLY TAMPERING

This refers to your recent letter "Take Your Pick", on the determination of sex (EW January 10).

I believe that this is an unholy interference against a perfectly natural way of life. I do not know anything about X-sperms or Y-sperms or centrifugation, but I do know that sex is meant to be a happy and holy union between two married people. There is something mysteriously marvellous about having sex as a result of love and a hopefully happy wait for the result, whatever it may be. Any breakthrough in research on the subject of insemination will only help break the happy union between husband and wife.

I would like to inform Dr. Padiyar that mothers are already beginning to prefer daughters to sons — this is the opinion of a large number of friends who discussed this subject.

As my mother always said "A daughter is a daughter all her life, while a son is a son till he has a wife"!

MRS. B. PEREIRA, Bandra.
Emotionally, we agree. Cold-bloodedly, no. Science cannot remain static — we might as well say it was wrong to step on to the moon. We feel it won't be too long before someone discovers a way to pre-determine the sex of the unborn child. Can we fight it? Should we fight it?

WET BLANKETS

We Indians, as a race, have one characteristic, outstanding national trait that will keep us unmistakably stamped and bound wherever we go: our exclusively Indian, patronising attitude. I've been at the receiving end of it quite recently, when condescending friends who have been abroad, insist that living in the United States is not all sugar and candy, that it is a very tough life, with hard work and no leisure, utter loneliness... the list is endless. They make quite sure that I'm bone-rattled nervous before I leave India, for my higher studies. But this attitude is not confined to the 'phoren'-returned ones alone. If you are a fresher at college, be very sure that your seniors will frighten your wits out about the terrible syllabus. If you are a novice at work, your seniors will rustle up the worst to welcome you with. I wonder what kind of importance, or pleasure, we get out of it? Why is it that we never have encouraging, warm things to say to one another? Is it our 'karma' that we have to always predict the harsh side of life?

NEERAJA RAMAKRISHNAN, Madras.
Well, maybe a lot of people are like that; full of their own importance, malicious, envious or just plain frustrated. But look around and you'll find a lot more who are kind and helpful and encouraging. The world is not that bad, you know...

COURTESY : LACKING

In most places the increase of rudeness is being described as an "epidemic." In stores, in offices, workshops, even in religious places and hospitals, ordinary courtesy seems to be going out of style.
An official at a Los Angeles Hospital that runs a Tension Control Programme acknowledges a definite decline in courtesy over the last 10 years. He says that people today are more self-centered. They're asking, "What can I get?" instead of thinking "What can I give?" The courtesy, consideration, forbearance, tolerance and respect for human rights which go to make up civilisation are disgracefully lacking everywhere in the world.

GUSTAV ROSARIO, Bombay.

The world's in a hurry, people are rushing around trying to overtake each other — where's the time for the finer points of life, like courtesy, good manners and helpfulness? More's the pity!

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No more scrubbing and scouring with cleaning powders.

No more ugly scratches on kitchenware.

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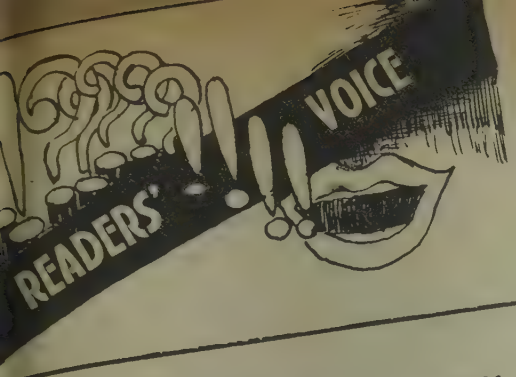
No modern household can do without it!



Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

WANTED: BRIDES FOR BIGAMY

Rita Rahimtoola has made some valuable suggestions for the abo-
ion of bigamy (Dec. 13). I would like to know the rationale behind
e retention of Muslim Personal Law for marriages. The government
as to be blamed for its cowardly silence in this situation. For Mus-
ms polygamy is a sign of virility. The result? Propensity for more and
nore human production which ultimately means that you and I sho-
ld foot the bill for somebody's pleasure.

U. S. IYER, Pune.

KIND MELODY QUEEN

It was a great pleasure to discover through your column "People Known And Unknown" (Dec. 20), that melody queen Lata Mangeshkar has turned humanitarian. Her plans to establish a chain of hospitals in rural India, where the majority of the population lives, is heartwarming. Lataji has very judiciously chosen a cause that badly needs urgent attention. It is known to everybody that many poor citizens of this country die because they do not have the facility nor the funds to go for medical treatment.

I very strongly recommend her to give more importance to homoeopathic medicines in her chain of hospitals because they are cheap, have no harmful side effects and are good.

PRABHAKAR S. HARSOLE, Indore.

ON URBAN LIVING

Kindly refer to the issue on urban living (Dec. 27) and the article, "They Made It Big In Bombay". May I point out that:-

i) Mrs. Shalinitai Patil is not the deputy chief minister of Maharashtra. She is only the revenue minister. There is no post of deputy C.M. in the Maharashtra cabinet.

ii) In the column "A Star Is Made" please refer to the last para. Film star Dharmendra reached the top with "Phool Aur Patthar" made in 1965-66 (1½ decades ago) and not three decades ago.

ANAND R. DESHPANDE, Solapur.

I have never found an issue as boring as the special issue on urban living. Even my husband discarded it after a cursory glance. I wish you had included the regular features at least.

BINA GUPTA, Jamnagar.

Your special issue on urban living was thought provoking and informative. However, the articles highlighting the agony of urban living were loaded with hypocrisy. But for a few exceptions, given a chance, how many urbanites are ready to leave the concrete jungle and settle in green villages? However painful and monotonous, no town dweller is ready to leave the comforts of urban life.

USHA SHARMA, New Delhi.

I would like to congratulate you for your special issue on urban living. The cover page cartoon by Kavadi was the main attraction.

S.R. MULCHANDANI, Bombay.

As regards your special issue on urban living (Dec. 27), I think that only four or five major cities in India — Bombay, Madras, Delhi, Calcutta and at times Bangalore or Hyderabad — exist for you.

I was bored stiff reading articles only on the above cities. Don't you think it is high time you published articles on the way of life in other cities as well? Are the other cities so backward that they do not find place in the name called "urban"? I feel life is much better in the smaller cities than in the metros.

So how about publishing articles on cities like Ahmedabad, Baroda, Jaipur, Ajmer etc.?

A. V. IYER, Ahmedabad.

ISSUE OF FEB. 21, 1981

HOW ABOUT A RETURN TO MATRIARCHY?

The patriarchal system is considered by many to be the root cause of women's suppression. Undue importance is given to the male as the head of the family and a child born out of wedlock carries a stigma all his life. Perhaps if women were responsible for the lineage of the family, these unnecessary social evils could be avoided. Shakuntala Devi, Leela Naidu, Kamala Das and other eminent personalities discuss whether a return to the matriarchal system will benefit women.

OFF TO GOA

Our special travel feature.

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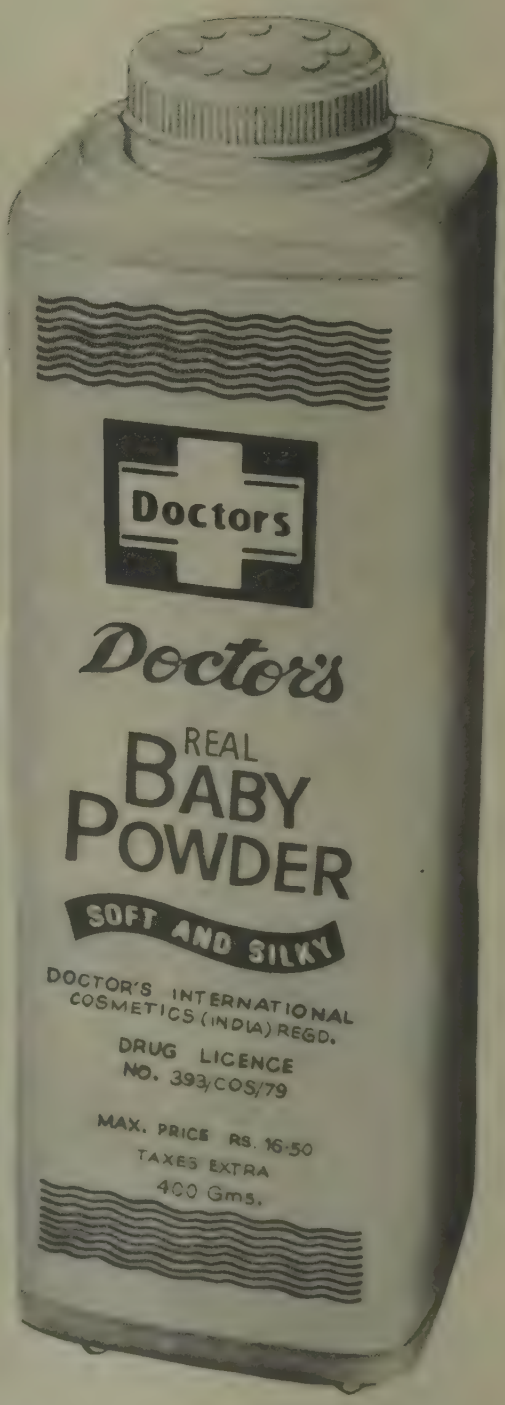

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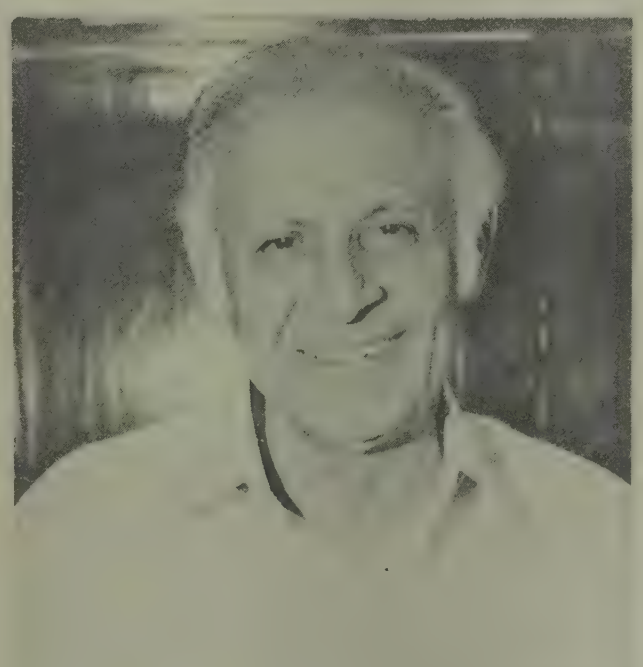
OLD IN YEARS, YOUNG AT HEART



ABOVE: R. K. Karanjia

RIGHT: Dr. L. H. Hiranandani

My father always has this to say: "In our time we could eat stones and digest them," implying of course that they were less fussy about food, yet more sturdy than us. That we of the present generation too eat stones (in our food grain, that is), is of course another story. But talking of sturdiness, one has to admit that the older generation has indeed had the good fortune of breathing fresh air and consuming unadulterated foodstuffs in their young days. This could perhaps be the reason why some of them continue to enjoy good health in their twilight years. But there should be more to it than a healthy boyhood, because there are quite a few among the aged who are senile and infirm. So, how do the healthy ones manage to keep themselves fit? What is their secret?

To find this out, I met four interesting personalities from different walks of life. "I am not a doctor!" The famous R. K. Karanjia wit was in operation even while I was in the process of fixing up an appointment for the interview. Perhaps the mention of physical fitness prompted him to say so. Anyway, Mr. Karanjia, perhaps the most energetic newspaper man at 69 and also man-about-town, attributes his fitness to his work. "It's my work that keeps me going," he said. "Work does not harm anyone. Why, I think I can work for another ten years!"

What about the tensions involved in his job?

Yoga, he says, has conditioned him to face all kinds of mental tensions. "One has to teach oneself to relax. Once that is mastered there are no problems at all. One can relax in a plane or even in the office," he said. His day begins at 5 a.m. with a few asanas. Then follows a gruelling day's work from which he takes some time off for a dip in the pool before lunch. A hectic day is rounded off with a long evening walk.

A high-society man after his work, how does he manage late nights at his age? Late nights do not bother him, for, according to him, even three hours' sleep is good enough if it is deep and undisturbed, irrespective of the night before, he is up at 5 a.m. every day.

What about smoking and booze?

He has given up smoking and has also cut down on drinks. "One has to compromise, you know," he philosophised.

"But I have had my share," he added as an after thought, gently stroking his distinguished looking crown of grey (he is allergic to hair dyes, I believe).

What is his opinion on health awareness among our people?

He feels that health awareness in the country is confined to the richer classes who seem to be health conscious, while, ironically, it is the lower classes who need to be more aware of health, for to them illness means loss of livelihood and medical expense beyond their means. And most of them live in such unhygienic conditions that they need to be extra careful about their own health and the health of their families.

* * *

Young at heart and bubbling with health, 63-year-old Dr. L. H. Hiranandani is among those who have no time for exercise and sports. He believes that these are luxuries for those who have the time and the money — in that order.

"Money I have," he declared with the confidence of a self-made man "but time, no!" So, for him, the only exercise is running up and down staircases (he lives on the fifth floor). And it is not the climbing, mind you, but the running and "panting" after the run. This panting, according to him, is most important for it makes the entire system come alive. As a member of leading clubs, he has access to some of the swankiest health resorts in town, but the only time he visits clubs is when he has to entertain guests. He poohpoohed the so-called sauna baths and said that they are just a means of tricking health maniacs.

A non-vegetarian diet, according to him, is most nutritious and so is cow's milk. But he acidly commented, "Indians seem to be bent on dying fast, because of the typical Indian mentality to look well-fed." It is better to eat less than to overeat, he said. At the end of a meal there should always be room for an extra chappati. His intake of beverages is limited to a cup of tea in the morning. Germinated moong is his favourite. As for alcohol and smoking, just one peg at parties and a borrowed cigarette for company's sake.

A regular contributor to leading magazines and newspapers, he finds this mental exercise most satisfying and stimulating. "I would feel stale without all this," he said, referring to his writing. He devotes two hours (4 a.m. to 6 a.m.) to this hobby every day. The rest of the time is of course taken up by his profession — medicine.

While running up and down staircases constitute physical exercise for Dr. Hiranandani, there is this lady who spends her day jumping in and out of trains and buses. Those of you who commute daily from one end of Bombay to the other, know to your cost what an exhausting task it is to travel in the overcrowded buses and trains, especially at peak hours. Just once a day to and fro is bad enough, so you can imagine

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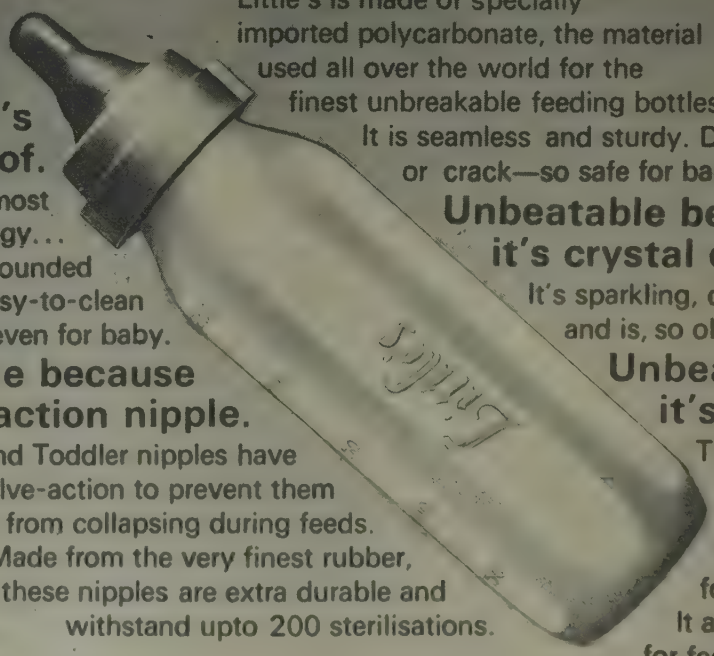

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OLD IN YEARS, YOUNG AT HEART

what it is like to cross the length and breadth of Bombay a couple of times every day, and that too at the age of 60! Yet Mrs. Sushila Patankar is apparently unruffled after this gruelling schedule and you will find her just as chirpy and fresh at eight at night as at 6 a.m. She attributes this stamina to Yoga. After having taught it all the Kaivalya Institute for 22 years, she has now started giving private tuitions in Yoga and it is on this work that she traverses through the city twice daily. "One should be active always. Age is no excuse to laze around," she said. A staunch vegetarian, she takes great care about her diet. It's lots of milk, fruits and dahi for her.

What are her views on nature cure?

She believes that Yoga does wonders to a person both physically and mentally. "But where do people have the time?" she lamented. A great deal of patience is necessary to get good results, but people these days look for instant results hence the addiction to antibiotics. Except for a cataract, her face certainly does not show any signs of ageing. The cataract, she said, is hereditary.

Yet another busy lady is Dr. (Mrs.) Zulie Nakhooda, Administrator, India Sponsorship Committee. "One hour to oneself," she said, "is of vital importance for any type of exercises that one may choose to do." At 52, Zulie is very actively involved in her social service schemes that take her round the world. She makes it a point to do some exercises before starting out for office every morning. A vegetarian by choice, she believes in systematic food habits.

"A variety of interests," she said, "is a good way of maintaining a balanced mind." For example, after some strenuous physical activity a little mental exercise like reading provides a healthy and refreshing change. She too believes that being active keeps you physically and mentally healthy.

So, there it is for you, the secret behind the healthy countenances and firm, active bodies of these near-sixties and over-sixties. For most people, crossing the first half century marks the end of an active life and thereafter they exist with the thought that their days are numbered. They do not appreciate that the zest for living is an all-important factor which influences one's behaviour patterns which in turn have phychological repercussions on one's health.

There is this 75-year-old grandma I know who, on a recent visit to the U.S.A. stunned tourists at Disneyland, California, by freaking out on all the rides including the terrifying rollercoasters. A simple middle-class woman, her stamina, she says, is the result of regular and controlled eating habits and peace of mind.

As simple as that! So, while we of the new generation are sweating it out at health clubs, this woman is probably supervising a maid or chasing a grandchild in the compound. You have got to admit it — some have indeed discovered the elixir of life!

Aruna Mallya
Bombay

ABOVE: Sushila Patankar
RIGHT : Zulie Nakhooda

YOGA DOES WONDERS TO A PERSON BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY, BUT A GREAT DEAL OF PATIENCE IS NECESSARY TO GET GOOD RESULTS

The first thing which strikes you when you look at her is, can she really be 60? "Well no," you are told, "not quite, about four years less." The settings look just right. A beautiful home, bearing the personality of the owners, tastefully and lavishly decorated, seemed the perfect milieu for the intervew with Dorothy Saldana.

Dot, as she's popularly known, has dedicated her whole life to service. "Reaching out has given me the highest sense of fulfilment," says Dot. Reaching out, is perhaps putting it very mildly. She lost her mother at a very early age, and automatically took charge of the house-hold till she got married. Then came the children four lovely daughters. Life revolved around them, as caring for them was a full-time job, till they grew up a little and joined a boarding school, due to their father's transferable job in the railways.

While the children were still young, all Dot could do was slip out occasionally to distribute milk at the Mercy Home, or visit the poor at hospitals, perhaps once a week. When the Saldanas were posted at Adra, a small town, Dot's desire to do social service bore fruits. The Indo-Chinese war had just broken out, and Dot organised knitting sessions amongst the wives of the railway employees, which included tea and games. They became so popular that Dot purchased lengths of remnant materials, and cut them out herself, getting the ladies to tailor them. She set up modest targets and the ladies were not allowed to attend the meetings until they finished the particular garment they were entrusted with. These sessions proved so entertaining, that clothes were finished with grim determination, and sometimes about 500 garments were tailored a month.

Continued on page 21

REJUVENATION THROUGH AYURVEDA

AN ADVANCED SCIENCE THAT WAS PERFECTED IN INDIA THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO AND PUSHED INTO OBLIVION, AYURVEDA HAS BEEN REDISCOVERED AS A CURE FOR CERTAIN CHRONIC DISEASES THAT HAVE DEFIED CURE BY ALLOPATHY

Lakshmi Narayan

Ayurveda is an advanced science that was perfected in India thousands of years ago. But over a period of time, the importance of Ayurveda diminished, especially with the introduction of allopathy. However, although Ayurveda was banished from the towns, in the villages it was practised by the **vaidyas.** In Kerala specially, Ayurveda to suit modern times was revived by the legendary Warrier, whose Arya Vaidya Shala at Kottakal is now world famous. Meanwhile, Kerala had developed the martial art of **kalaripayattu,** which is a forerunner of karate. For this, the initiates had to be massaged with herbal oils till every muscle in the body became so supple that it could obey any command of the mind. Borrowing heavily from Ayurveda, the venerable **kalaripayattu** masters developed several types of massages that have been found useful in curing chronic diseases that have defied cure by allopathy.

K. R. Kurup has brought Krishnan Gurukkal, a 72-year-old expert in the martial arts and massage technique for the past 40 years, to Bombay. He in turn has trained Radha, an experienced masseuse and five other women, two of whom are Maharashtrians. There are 17 men who have also trained under the Gurukkal. Kurup runs a home service, where treatment is given at home. His charges are expensive, but he claims that the herbal medicines are costly and he has to pay for the upkeep of all those employed by him.

Since one has to be totally nude as the entire body is massaged, women are naturally treated by women. The treatments range from curing obesity and arthritis to migraine, sinusitis and mental depression.

The different types of massages are as follows :

Uzhichal or udvartanam: For obesity, rheumatoid arthritis and general toning up. Also good for general aches and pains. The head is first massaged with ksheerabella (milk, bella root and til oil), then the body is massaged by two persons simultaneously with a combination of sahajaradi, (made of a combination of 22 herbs and til oil), kottunchukkadi (til oil, tamarind leaves, garlic... for joint aches) and dhanavantaram (86 herbs, til oil and milk) for 45 minutes. On the seventh day the patient is given a purgative. The treatment is usually for 14 days. Coconut oil is only used for the head. Never for the body as it is high in cholesterol.

Pizhichal: Must be done in the morning. Kurup says that even people bed-ridden with spondylitis, rheumatic complaints and paralysis have found relief. Five persons are required to simultaneously massage the person. This is literally pouring a combination of eight varieties of herbal oils on the body. Before the commencement of this treatment, a thorough check-up of blood, urine, blood pressure and X-rays is required. No deep fried foods, no meat, eggs or fish; no curds or masala; less salt, sour things and citrus fruits for the duration of this treatment. Encouraged to have milk, rice and boiled vegetables. No sex. After 14 days of intensive treatment, a vasthi (enema) of oil, honey and herbs is given for eight days. Light massage is given for the last six days. Total bed rest except for getting up to perform ablutions. Depending on the severity of the case, may have to repeat treatment once a year for three years.

Navarakizhi: This is for extreme cases of cramps, wasting of muscles, general debility, post-polio conditions, gout and osteo arthritis. A special rice called navara, black in colour, is grown in Kerala. It is high in protein and very low in carbohydrates. This is mixed with raw moong dal and kheema (minced meat) and made into a poultice. Milk is then boiled in a cauldron with bella herb. The poultice is dipped into the boiling milk and rubbed by five persons simultaneously all over the body. The heat opens the pores and the nutrition is absorbed by the skin. "We believe that the body can be fed through the skin," says Kurup, a belief which is sneered at in allopathy. Treatment for 14 to 21 days. Another additional 21 days' rest recommended.

Continued on page 51

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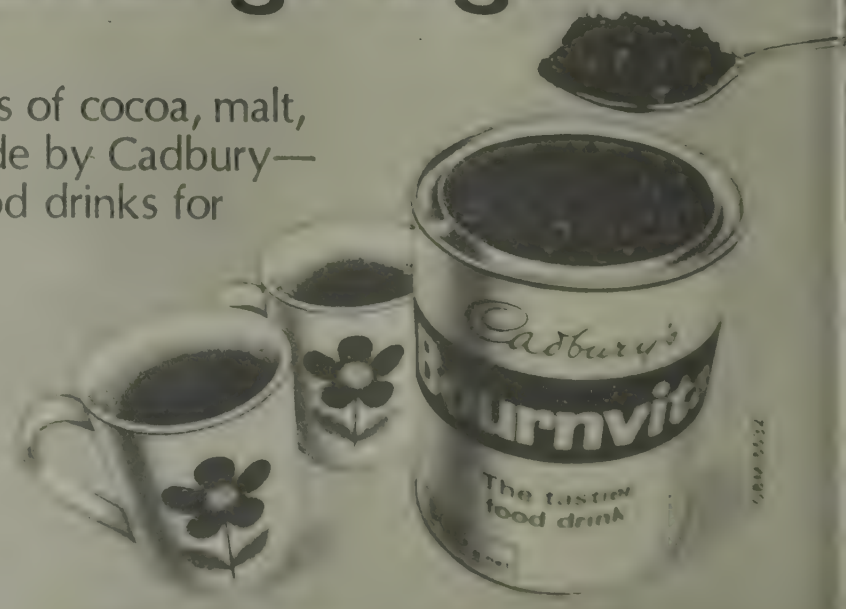

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OLD IN YEARS YOUNG AT HEART

Continued from page 17

Dot helped to rehabilitate the lepers in Adra, providing them with small comforts they had been denied. There was this touching scene at Adra station when the Saldanas were transferred. The lepers gathered unobtrusively in a corner of the station, sending word to "amma" that they wished to see her.

about three lakhs at each centre, the proceeds of which were earmarked for charity.

Mr. Saldana is now retired from the Railways, but is employed at the electronic section of the Kotharis as Managing Director. His job entails travel outside India, and being passionately fond of travel, Dot accompanies him whenever she can.

With her recent heart ailment, and in the process of growing older, Dot has had to taper off many of her interests. She is always well groomed, and a good

Dot has led a full invigorating life, has a cheerful outlook and a good word for everyone. She has no regrets, and is growing older gracefully and usefully. I say "older" and not "old," for one cannot associate the word with someone as young at heart as Dorothy Saldana. She has discovered the elixir of life as it were with her many multi-faceted interests, and her capacity to help people less fortunate than herself.

Amrapali
Madras

ABOVE: Dorothy Saldana

RIGHT: Kailash Chopra

FOR MOST PEOPLE, CROSSING THE FIRST HALF CENTURY MARKS THE END OF AN ACTIVE LIFE AND THEREAFTER THEY EXIST WITH THE THOUGHT THAT THEIR DAYS ARE NUMBERED. BUT SOME PEOPLE PROVE OTHERWISE

"I almost broke down when they touched my feet in gratitude," recalls Dot.

As wife of the General Manager of the S. E. Railways, Dot was the President of the S. E. Railway Women's Organisation. She raised funds for sewing machines, engaged seamstresses to tutor the wives of the Class III and Class IV workers. The women were assigned to tailor the entire clothing requirements, a fact which enabled them to earn Rs 300 to Rs. 400 a month.

The Railway carnivals held in Calcutta and Madras, with their rip roaring success, was the brain child of Dot Saldana, ably supported by the wives of other railway officials. With her tremendous capacity for organising, and meticulous planning of small details, Dorothy travelled the length and breadth of India collecting sarees, clothes, ceramics, metal work and pottery for the carnivals. The sale netted

speaker, a fact which tempted the Principal of Cultural Academy to induct her to teach etiquette once a week at the finishing school. Today, Dot is a member of the council of the Victoria Technical Institute, a quasi-government organisation which operates at a non-profit basis. It markets quality hand crafted goods turned out by the poor or the handicapped. Dot is the Chairman of the Needlework Section of the Institute.

Her other interests include gardening (her garden won 28 prizes in '74), interior designing, music, reading, dress-making and cooking. She is still involved in charitable institutions like the MITRA and SWALLOWS though she cannot serve on the committee.

"I owe my good health to clean healthy living and a healthy mind," said Kailash Chopra, a trim and active 57, full of the zest for life. For years Kailash's routine has included a brisk round of golf every alternate day. She is completely involved in the game. Her husband, and her elder son often join her and they have won many a competition. She also takes part in the women's tournaments, and thoroughly enjoys the spirit of challenge. "It is a lovely game. It gives you a chance to be in the open for four to five hours. The green trees and grass, the spirit of camaraderie with other players, make you feel young and good!"

Kailash's husband, now retired was a senior executive in a

daugher-in-law," Kailash said "We are very close, and love going to movies together and plan many an outing." Her younger son is settled in Sweden and she has visited him, his Swedish wife and the two grand-children three times.

Both she and her husband have travelled extensively. "Travel really broadens your outlook. You cease to be petty about so many things," she said.

Kailash has always had a good rapport with her in-laws. She and her husband spend a month or two every year with Dev's parents who are in their 90s. She gets along well with her husband's sister and brother, and is very popular with her friends.

"Although I do my duty, and what is expected of me towards my friends and relations," she explained, "I refuse to let anybody take advantage of me. I refuse to be trampled upon in the name of either relationship or friendship."

Kailash too has had ups and downs like all human beings. Her younger son had to undergo ten operations in the first few years of his life due to an ailment. She went through trying times, but he is well and working now, and the pain has been forgotten.

The secret of her health and vigour?

"Never hate or hurt any one, and if possible, exercise in the open air, be it jogging, golf or Yoga."

P. H.
Delhi

MAHAJBEEN SULTANA:

HELPING WOMEN TO BE HEALTHY

THROUGH A MIXTURE OF CORRECT NUTRITION, EXERCISE, MASSAGES, AND YOGA, PEOPLE CAN ACHIEVE COMPLETE FITNESS AND ZEST FOR LIFE

Pushpa Hans

From a very early age Mahajbeen Sultana wanted a career either in the hotel industry or in the beauty business. But she realised that in her case it was "hopeless." She belonged to the princely family of Bhopal and Shahzadis never took up work or careers! The craving however, was still there when she went to live in Vancouver, Canada, after her marriage. So she enrolled at the Cornell University for a course in Hotel Management, and after getting her Diploma, joined as an Executive Housekeeper of a leading hotel.

After a couple of years in which she really learnt and acquired the feel of the hotel industry, she did a course in Hotel Administration at the same university. "It was a crash course — a two-year course condensed into just two months, open only to very well qualified students or to those who had a great deal of experience."

Back in India, Mahajbeen joined the Taj group in Bombay and started to familiarise herself with the working of the Taj chain of hotels. When the Delhi Taj opened she took over not only as Executive Housekeeper but also as assistant to Mrs. Akerkar who was the project and interior designer; Mahajbeen helped with the entire hotel project at Delhi — the decor, the furniture, the colour scheme — the whole works!

"Why did you switch over from housekeeping to beauty parlour and health club?" I asked her.

ABOVE: Towards a healthy, happy and relaxed way of life.

RIGHT: Toning up lax muscles.

Photographs :
Moviemaker India, Delhi

"I was always very conscious of good health — a slim figure and a glowing skin. As a teenager too I used to swim regularly and play tennis to stay slim, which I do even to this day, but now I have added Yoga to my schedule, so the switch over, as you call it, was natural."

Mahajbeen did a two year course with Ramma Bans, Director, health clubs of the Taj chain of hotels, in Beauty, Health and Yoga.

Then she started the Delhi Health club and took over as Manager. "This is most rewarding, giving back women their confidence, helping them to get rid of their excessive weight, to give them a healthy, happy and relaxed way of life through Yoga, massages, etc." When the Beauty Parlour and Health Club started functioning smoothly, Mahajbeen was sent by the Taj management to Europe and America to get the latest know-how on beauty and health.

Her trip started with a three-week course on "skin" at Madame CARITA of Paris, an exclusive and posh institution. Madame Carita's clients are leading TV and stage personalities of Paris and Europe. TV make-up, stage make-up, society make-up, you name it and Mahajbeen can give it to you with a few deft strokes of her slim fingers.

"For a good make-up one must analyse the skin of the client — greasy, dry or a combination of the two. Only after determining this can you give your client the best results," she said. What Mahajbeen found breath taking was the skin pealing treatment. Madame Carita has created some black granules which are softly rubbed into the skin. The dead scales peel off and the skin is left fresh, young and glowing—"soft as a baby's!" Mahajbeen was not given the formula for this, "but for a steady supply of sandalwood from us, she has promised me as many packages of the granules as I need."

After Paris, Mahajbeen visited Vidal Sassoon in London and saw the latest in hair perm, a computerised perm-machine which switches itself off the moment your hair is permed to perfection — not too fuzzy, but with just the right kink. "Henna still remains a favourite for hair, not so much for colouring as for conditioning."

But what Mahajbeen was really full of was the Health Farms. "Today people suffer from the effects of the stress and strain of modern life — fast pace, alcohol, parties. All this has a bad effect on health, but being part of society, men and women cannot escape. Through health farms people can achieve complete fitness and zest for life and get over that feeling of lethargy."

The health farms are actually residential hotels, most of them plush and exclusive and set in beautiful natural surroundings of woods and streams. Here, through a mixture of correct nutrition, exercise, massages and long walks and with the help of Nature and a very disciplined schedule, the clients get over many ailments like tensions, headaches, asthma, skin trouble and even heart trouble, and of course overweight. These are oases in the deserts of an over-exposed society. In the evening there is dancing and music. Yoga forms an essential part of all these health farms.

The entire philosophy of the health farms is based on the principle that people eat sensibly, exercise properly and relax frequently. The most beautiful and exquisite health farms that Mahajbeen visited were the Henlow Grange in London, the Spaline and the Racquet Health Club in America. Most of the film and TV stars and the elite use these health farms frequently.

"Are you planning to start a Health club?" I asked her.

"Well we certainly hope to be the first to start it. We have a five-star hotel and we would love to bring these amenities to our clients," Mahajbeen replied. She feels that with the stress and strain of life it is not easy to stay in top form for a woman without an occasional overhauling. Health clubs and the Health Farms are the answer, and she proves this with her trim figure and blemish-free skin.

Helping women get rid of their excessive weight is a rewarding experience.

Yoga forms an essential part of the disciplined schedules of health farms.

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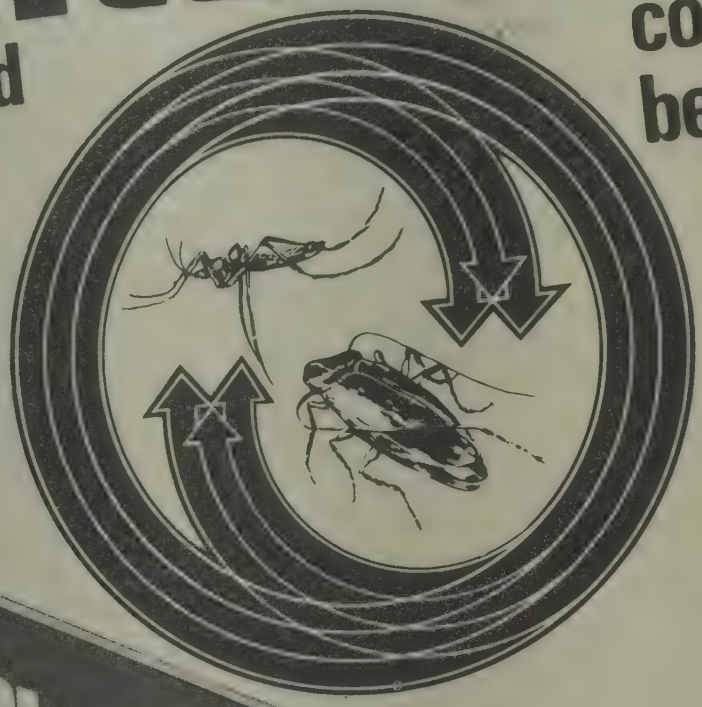

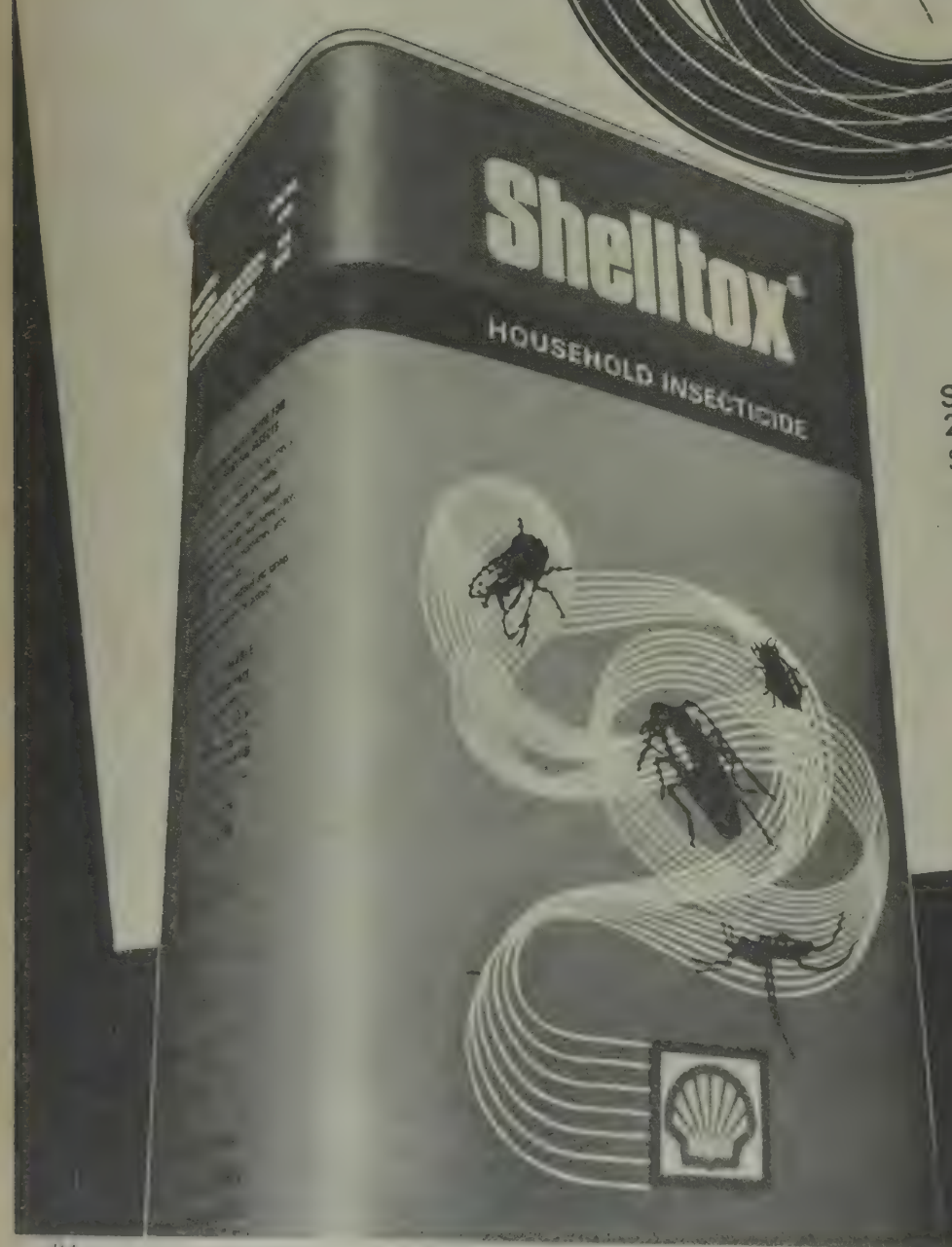

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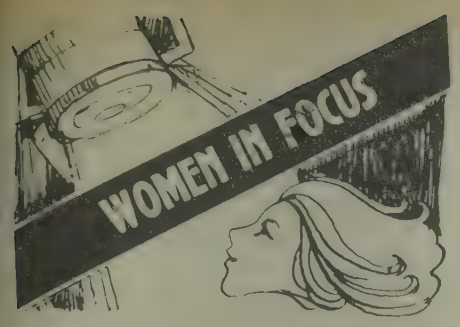

BEHROZE CHATTERJEE

A GIFTED MUSICIAN

Music runs in Behroze Chatterjee's family. She and her husband are both professional musicians and their children, a boy aged 11 and a girl aged 10, have inherited their parents' musical sensibility and the whole family often give public performances together.

Behroze (also known by her stage name of Sapna) is a talented singer of Indian light or semi-classical music. This includes bhajans, ghazals, folk music, and Behroze sings in 13 languages—an impressive achievement. She started regular singing lessons at the age of five, but her musical sense was highly developed at a much younger age — at two she could play tunes on the harmonium blindfolded. She started giving public performances at an early age too and was called a child prodigy.

She has a musical background — her mother too sang, and seeing her interest in music, both parents encouraged it.

Behroze married her music teacher and today they both teach music at the Scindia Public School, Gwalior.

The Chatterjee's have toured extensively both in India and abroad. They have performed in Hong Kong and Bangkok in 1969 the West Indies, London, the US. They lived and taught in Guyana for two years. Mr. Chatterjee taught vocal music at the Indian Cultural Centre there and Behroze taught in the Satya Sai Baba Centre in Georgetown.

The Chatterjee's live in Gwalior now, teach at the school and during the vacations give performances often in different parts of the country — a busy schedule. In the beginning it was difficult to manage a career and a family, Behroze acknowledged. She started teaching when the children had grown up a little. "My husband and children cooperate, but it does become tiring sometimes, especially as I always set aside some time to practise," she said.

Her young son Anupam bids fair to becoming another child prodigy. He plays the tabla so well that Alla Rakha who heard him wants him as a pupil. Babeena her daughter is learning to sing and dance kathak, an interest her mother shares. "Both children took to music naturally," Behroze said, "we didn't consciously influence them."

Behroze's future plans include recording songs for films and pursuing classical music more seriously. The latter requires time and is more difficult. Film music is easier and she has already recorded four songs for the film "Tumhare Bina". Basically a very musical person, Behroze is able to enjoy a variety of music like the calypso music she heard in South America. After all as she says, "music is my first love."

S. G.

SISTER MERCIA PAES

A NUN WITH BUSINESS SENSE

A university education, says psychologist Dr. Joyce Brothers, is often a handicap in the pursuit of success in business. To achieve the latter, the basic requirements are a total commitment to a goal, competence and adaptability.

These qualities apparently helped Sister Mercia Paes, a member of the F.H.S (Franciscan Hospital Sisters) order of nuns, to be successful as a small-scale entrepreneur. The nun runs an extensive Home for the Aged, in Old Goa, on business lines. The proceeds from her enterprise helps maintain the home where the majority of the 76 aged folk are housed and fed free of cost, and without recourse to charity. The other members of the 200-strong community comprise the nuns, household staff and paying guests.

"I have always disliked 'begging' nuns," said Sr. Mercia. "Those who knock on people's doors and seek help in cash or kind for some good cause. Charity should be a voluntary, not an enforced act," she added.

The money to run the home comes from livestock and poultry farming, yield from milch cattle and wine distillation. The produce from coconut and fruit trees and the kitchen garden meet the Home's fruit and vegetable needs. A maize field provides fodder for cattle.

Sr. Mercia has the distinction of being the second individual in Goa to have installed a gobar gas plant. "Thanks to the plant, we now spend practically nothing on fuel," she said. "At one time we used to buy six truckloads of logs for use as firewood. The power from the gas plant operates three stoves and supplies electric light in our large kitchen and dining hall."

Other benefits, she added, are a smokeless kitchen and hence more comfortable kitchen chores and speedier cooking.

How did this middle-class girl from the village of Cuncolim, Goa, develop the initiative that led to her present position as Superior of the Convent of St. John of God, Old Goa, as the Home for the Aged is otherwise known? "I had just six classes of schooling when I had a vocation," (the call to serve God), explained Sr. Mercia.

After taking her final vows, she was posted in turn to the congregation's various houses — asylums for the aged, orphanages, creches and schools. Here she acquired competence — organisational skills and a spirit of self-help and adaptability to new trends. Sr. Mercia is enthusiastic about the changing role of nuns — from cloistered seclusion to an active apostolate — as recently decreed by the Catholic Church. "Every nun is a committed person," she added. "She is totally dedicated to the service of God and to the care of His creatures."

Continued on page 66

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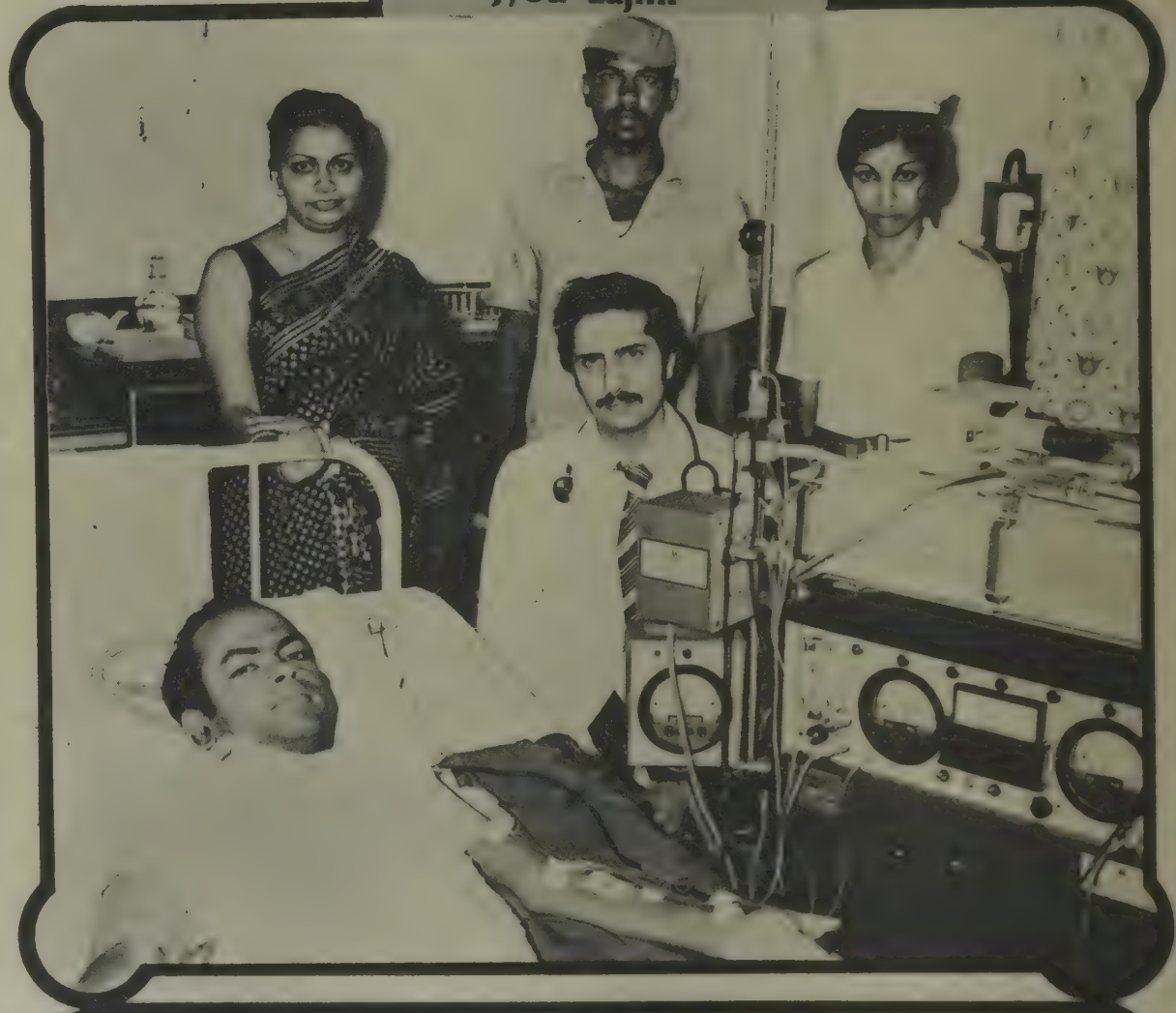
Jyoti Lajmi



Prof. Anthony Fernandes undergoing dialysis at Ruby Hall Clinic, Pune. With him are wife Parul and Dr. Parvez Grant.

Late in 1976, Anthony Fernandes, a robust and enthusiastic Professor of Ness Wadia College of Commerce, Pune, experienced the first throes of a very long and painful ordeal. It was during a routine medical examination that the first shock came — albumin was detected in his urine. The examining doctor warned him at that stage itself that he was likely to face some problems with his kidneys. But neither Anthony, who was only 34 at that time, nor Parul, his vivacious wife, had any inkling of the nightmare that fate had in store for them.

Professor Parul Verma married Professor Anthony Fernandes in 1972. Parul, a Gujarati, was almost excommunicated from her community for having chosen a Christian spouse.

It was at the King Edward Memorial Hospital, Pune, that Professor Fernandes underwent a series of long and tedious tests and biopsies. It was soon confirmed that he was suffering from the dreaded disease: Chronic Glomerulo Nephritis or Chronic Renal Failure, which are medical terms for a slow but steady deterioration of the kidneys. It took him a month to recover from the biopsies as some of the drugs which had been administered reacted adversely.

Initially it was found that the kidneys had enlarged, but no infection was detected in either of them. The doctors at the KEM kept him on various medications for two years. But when there was no improvement, Anthony and Parul were advised to contact Jaslok Hospital, Bombay. Here heavy drugs and treatment were administered for a further period of six months, during which Anthony developed a dark, thick skin and insomnia. He also bloated from time to time. Parul attributed these symptoms to the after-effects of the drugs he was consuming and consequently switched over to Ayurvedic treatment. But Anthony's condition deteriorated. In the meantime, he was also doing his Ph.D. in office management, as a result of which his health was completely neglected.

As time passed, the symptoms became even more acute. Debility set in, accompanied by oedema, high temperature, nausea and rigors (shivering). High blood urea made him extremely irritable, which sometimes left Parul in tears. She contacted her brother-in-law and sister Dr. and Dr. (Mrs.) Sheth, at Bombay, who advised her to admit him to Breach Candy Hospital, Bombay. "Here I would like to mention an ex-student, Mr. Pritpal Kandhare, who helped us tremendously by taking us all the way to Bombay in his car," says Parul. "Anthony could never have withstood a strenuous train journey, but he was able to sleep throughout the journey in the back seat of the car."

Thus Anthony was safely admitted to the Breach Candy Hospital. Meanwhile, Parul had to return to Pune for the case history papers which she had left behind in the hurry. Little did she know that Anthony had gone into a coma immediately after her departure and was already placed on dialysis, her sister having signed the letter of consent for the same.

Dialysis is a process in which the blood is rid of urea and other waste products in a manner similar to the functioning of the kidneys. There are two types of dialysis — the peritoneal and the haemo. Peritoneal dialysis is a procedure in which blood is indirectly purfied by washing the peritoneal cavity (situated in the abdomen) fluid. A dialysing fluid is passed into the peritoneal cavity, left there for four to five hours and then drained out. The dialysing fluid with-draws the waste matter in the blood. The process is tedious and a complete dialysis may take as long as 24 hours. Hence this procedure has almost totally been replaced by another form of dialysis known as Haemodialysis.

Haemodialysis is a process in which blood is purified outside the body in a machine which performs the functions of a human kidney. The preparations for such a dialysis begin with either an artery-venous fistula or a shunt. An AV fistula is a fixture which is permanently inside the body during the period of dialysis, while a shunt is an external one, which is required to be connected every time the patient is placed on dialysis. Two needles with tubes to and from the machine are attached to the vein and the artery respectively at the fistula or shunt, generally at a point in the arm of the patient. Blood from the patient's body is then pumped into the dialysis machine and artificial kidney for purification and back again into the body thereafter. It is a very expensive process which may cost as much as Rs. 400 per dialysis. In cases of chronic kidney failure, dialysis is required

as often as three times a week, involving an expenditure of much as Rs. 1200 per week which is far beyond the means of a middle or even an upper class patient.

"When both of us came to realise that dialysis was a permanent thing in our lives, it was a shock," said Parul. "Tears rolled down our cheeks and we held each other like two defenceless children lost in the woods. It was my mother and Dr. Sheth who came to our rescue and gave us courage to face life and its challenge."

The next 21 days were hell for Parul, when Anthony was in a semicomatose state and was placed on the danger list. His blood urea rose to 410 mg. which is ten times the normal urea level. "This was my first introduction to dialysis. I learned all I could about it so that I could administer it myself. Dr. B. Gandhi at the Breach Candy Hospital was helpful beyond words, and only through his efforts could Anthony regain conciousness. It was also the first time I realised the importance of an old saying — Health is wealth!" Parul said.

SURVIVAL

Few hospitals in India offer permanent dialysis, but prepare the patient for a kidney transplant. So the only option available to Anthony was a kidney transplant. Indian hospitals at present perform transplants only from suitable living donors, generally the patient's mother, father, brother, sister, grandfather and paternal uncles, as opposed to transplants from donors' cadavers. A suitable donor is one whose blood group cross-matches that of the patient and whose kidney tissues are compatible with those of the patient as determined by tissue-typing.

Unfortunately for Anthony, his parents are not living. His younger sister volunteered to donate one of her kidneys to save her brother who had brought her up and later got her married. Two of his paternal cousins also made the offer. But again, fortune did not seem to favour him, for their blood groups did not match his, naturally eliminating them as donors. It was therefore inevitable for them to advertise in the papers for willing donors. But the few donors who came forward in response either asked for lakhs in return or wanted free tests done! "One donor, a Buddhist monk, disappeared just before the operation, after all the tests had been completed and had been paid some money for his donation." Parul remembered sadly.

Parul's family stood by her through all her ordeals. They not only gave her and Anthony shelter but also helped her financially, including payment of all the medical bills.

Anthony's first operation for a transplant was scheduled for April 17, 1979. "Imagine our disappointment when the donor did not turn up!" Parul said, "Even the anti-rejection medications worth Rs. 10,000 had been imported from abroad. We were terribly dejected, but there was a no point in losing hope, and only our spirit and will kept us fighting on."

Since they were both working in Pune, they could not stay in Bombay indefinitely. Consequently, Anthony was shifted to Ruby Hall Clinic, Pune, under the care of Dr. Parvez Grant and Dr. G. S. Relwani. Dr. Grant detailed a nurse of the clinic for a month's course in dialysis at the Breach Candy Hospital, and also gave Parul permission to perform dialysis on Anthony as well as some other patients for a concession at the clinic. In Pune, friends and students came forward to extend help in every way possible. The students managed to collect Rs. 5,000 in donations, a few trusts too, sent in contributions, while the Bishop of Pune gave them Rs. 10,000. The college permitted Anthony to work for only half the usual lectures so as to adjust his time for dialysis. "I would like to especially mention Mr. and Mrs. Pesi Anklesaria who helped us a lot and are still helping us," Parul remarked with gratitude.

Anthony is still on a bi-weekly dialysis at Ruby Hall, while he continues to lecture at his college. However, he has not stopped the search for donors. In the past year, two more attempts have been made at a transplant.

In one of the cases, the donor was found to be a diabetic at the last moment. The other donor, an educated farmer from Paithan, near Pune, was found unfit, this too after having opened up both the donor and the patient on the operating tables! So again all this ended in nothing but agony and expense.

The situation continues with both of them again at the bottom of the ladder, struggling and facing hazards at such a young age. Complications keep rising as his weakness increases and his resistance to diseases decreases. The saltless diet is a torture for him — a man who loves his food! "It is also upsetting him mentally," confessed Parul. "He used to love outdoor activities like games, socials and picnics. In fact, he was the captain of the Pune University football team and was on the field almost every evening."

The only way out now appears to be a transplant in a hospital in the United States, where cadaver donors are provided, but the total expenditure for the transplant alone is estimated at US $10,000 — 40,000 which is equivalent to Rs. 2.4 to 3.2 lakhs!

Parul's main grievance about their predicament is that in spite of the fact that teaching is acknowledged as a noble profession, where teachers are expected to make limitless sacrifices, they themselves do not enjoy any benefits, especially in regard to medical treatment. "Besides, I find it difficult to make headway in a man's world," says Parul. "I find that people try to take undue advantage of my situation. You will be surprised to hear that one man actually had the audacity to ask me for 'payment in kind' for his kidney! However, the good side of human nature has also been evident in members of the family, friends, doctors at the Breach Candy and Ruby Hall hospitals, the Principal of the college, colleagues and students, and this has kept us going."

It is a lot of suffering and a superhuman challenge for such a young couple. One can only hope that soon some kindly, compatible donor will come forward and help this brave couple. It is certainly a life worth saving, but time is not on Anthony's side.

On September 27, 1980, Eve's Weekly carried a human interest story on a brave little girl, six-year-old Kasturi (Tumpa) Sircar of Patna, who was ceaselessly fighting against cancer, which had ravaged her completely. We have now heard from her father that she died recently. Our condolences go to her family, who suffered with Kasturi throughout her ordeal.

CLASSY 'MIXABLES'

For maximum comfort and easy going style this off-white kurta matched with red churidars has pretty mirror work details on the front. A gorgeous printed dupatta highlights the entire outfit. Similar print repeats on the kurta and churidar.

Here's an outfit most of us dream about — a Rajasthani styled kurta with yoke and dupatta in a traditional bandhani print.

CLASSY 'MIXABLES'

CLASSY 'MIXABLES

Everybody looks good in classic kurta-churidar ensembles, but with the right fashion touch and clever styling you can look absolutely gorgeous. Here DIMPLE KAPUR and AMITA DEWAN of the "Revati" boutique show you the plus factors to make each a masterpiece, adding up to a super total look. They have selected styles which they feel are the latest, cleverly and imaginatively mixing prints with plain fabrics.

If you are interested in these classy mixables then "Revati" has a wide range of ensembles to offer you for half the price you'd be willing to pay. So hurry up and select the best from the exhibition-cum-sale to be held at Ruchi Art Gallery, Bombay, on February 16, 17 and 18, 1981

p out gracefully
nd in style — plain coloured
kurta with a printed yoke
and "kali," perked up with
tiny mirror embroidery.
A classic striped dupatta
perfectly coordinates
with the kurta.

Simple yet sophisticated
— two kurta-churidar
ensembles with bold gold
borders encircling
the yoke, side slits and sleeve
edge of the kurta. Can be worn
with or without a dupatta.

CLASSY
MIXABLES'

Photographs : Taiyeb Badsha

"FOREIGN RETURNED"

Sarita Kakar

DECEMBER fourth. I was at Heathrow airport again. Air-India announced the departure of its flight for Delhi, from Gateway No. 5. I picked up my half-empty vanity case, buckled the belt of my soft grey Jaegar coat, and made my way to the gateway indicated. Heathrow at midnight was teeming with life. Even the sweepers, mostly in salwar-kameezes, were busy at this late hour.

"How ironic life is," I thought to myself. Four months ago I had been among the "arrivals," bubbling with joie de vivre, my husband, Ravi, by my side.

"It's lovely to be here. Compared to this Delhi seems to be the backwaters of the world."

How well I remembered that remark. Yet the same surroundings now evoked in me a completely different feeling. I was thankful to be going back home — back to Delhi.

I walked up the ramp, my high-heeled Sacha shoes not very comfortable to travel in.

"Namaste," said a smiling air-hostess, leading me to a window seat. Soft sitar music played in the background. All around me the passengers were busy making themselves comfortable. My neighbour had a long plait, a bright red ribbon bow-tied at the end of it. She clutched on to a variety of parcels which were eventually to be placed with great care on the overhead rack. Ravi and I had laughed at people like her — laughed at their accented English and oily hair.

"Tu to Angrez lagti hai", said my neighbour, peering at me, "What's your name?"

"Anita", I replied, the hum of the engines preventing me from saying anything further.

"Only veneer," I thought bitterly to myself. I felt angry because I had been so stupid. I too had chosen a husband with exactly the same criterion. I had not looked beyond his outward sophistication, easy conversation, and "foreign returned" label. Compatibility, love and fidelity in marriage had not been on my list at all.

"Fasten your seat belt please," said an air-hostess, implying that I should know better. I pressed a button, pushing my seat to an upright position, my fingers fumbling with the straps. I closed my eyes. and thought of Delhi and Rima.

Rima and I had been the best of friends since school. After college we had both gone our separate ways — she to get married, and I to a job in an advertising firm. Before Rima finally tied the knot, I had given her a piece of advice.

"Rima, you will be bored to death with all those relatives hovering around you all the time. How can you marry someone who is going to remain in India forever? Marry someone from abroad."

Rima had been indifferent to my protests. "You're making a mistake, Anita," she had replied. "This foreign obsession of yours is too ridiculous for words. One gets married to a person, not to a country."

I had laughed, thinking her unwise, so sure of myself I was. But I had made the biggest blunder in my life the day I had

decided to marry Ravi. He was witty, nattily dressed in grey flannels and a navy blue blazer, (a kind of European uniform I now realize), and more important, he lived in London.

"Ours is not going to be the traditional sort of an arranged marriage," said Ravi. I had been impressed and delighted when he said this. "Life is short enough as it is," he continued. "We'll do everything we want to."

And I had dreamt of eating fish and chips out of newspaper bags, boating on the Serpentine, and shopping at Selfridges.

London had been cold and grey the day we landed, but the sightseeing had been fun — Madame Tussaud's, the Crown jewels, and the changing of the guards outside "Buck House" — I saw it all.

Three weeks later Ravi had to go on a business trip. Not alone, I discovered, but with Nikki.

"I didn't realize that you would fuss so, Nikki is a business associate," Ravi remarked casually. "We have been going together for ages. You jealous?"

"Yes, I'm jealous," I said. Nikki was a brunette, always heavily made up, and extremely chic. I did not trust her. "At least you can travel separately," I replied, trying to be reasonable.

"Fuel economy," retorted Ravi, picking up his suitcase. "Throw a party," he said over his shoulder, "I'll be back in two days."

I went to Hyde Park for a walk, stamping on all the crisp autumn leaves, unable to stop the tears running down my cheeks. Four lonely days later, Ravi came back.

Life had been even more lonely because I had no job — couldn't get one was more to the point, in spite of my qualifications and experience.

"We don't want to employ any more coloured people," stated a pink-faced man firmly. At least he had been frank. I was surprised and had protested, but it made no difference. The only job I had been offered was that of a salesgirl in a small supermarket — a job I could well do without.

What fun the Delhi office had been! Hot and ramshackle, but friendly and reassuring.

* * *

The passengers all around me were settling down for the night. Night lights were switched on and blankets unfolded, causing an atmosphere of cosy casualness. I slid back the cream coloured shutter, and looked out into the black night.

* * *

My first dinner party had been a disaster — mentally that is. I had been looking forward to meeting Ravi's friends, and had been extravagant with both the menu and the drinks. I had drawn up an ambitious menu — avacados stuffed with tomatoes, followed by chicken curry (not too spicy) and a luscious chocolate and cream cake from Fortnum's to finish off with. I had not enjoyed, however, the type of attention I had been getting from a pale, sandy haired man whose spectacles had the irritating habit of slipping down his nose.

"David is keeping very close to you," whispered Ravi, over the ice bucket.

"He is irritating me, to say the least. Stop him."

"Nonsense Anita. It pleases me that others find you attractive. Besides, he is my boss, so be extra sweet to him".

Ravi's reply had been jarring, and I felt hurt and helpless. What kind of a man had I married? Rima too had a husband. He adored her, not liking anyone to even hug her. Ravi would never be like that.

A child cried out, disturbing the stillness of the plane. I could see its mother whispering softly and coaxing it back to sleep.

Ravi had not wanted any children. Too much trouble, and so tying down, he said once over the dining table.

"We can always have a baby sitter in during our evenings out," I had suggested.

His reply was that we would see, later perhaps. I argued but it had made no difference. "Later" meant "never" in Ravi's language, that much I had learnt in three months. I had not known that Ravi hated kids, because I had never bothered to find out. "It takes time for both sides to adjust," I had said to myself. "It only needed time." But I knew I was going to be weak again.

* * *

I had been at the laundrette last Thursday when I found the receipt. While emptying out the pockets of Ravi's tweed jacket, I had come across some change, a crumpled hanky and a hotel bill.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sood, Grand Hotel, Eastbourne." It had last week's date on it. I had not been to Eastbourne last week, but Ravi had gone there with Nikki, ostensibly on a business trip again.

I finished the washing, and walked back in the fading light. Snow had come early to London that year. The city seemed a heartless place to me. Perpetual grey skies and and cold bitter winds. It was the year of Mrs. Thatcher, "Karma Kola", and demonstrations against racialism. I felt cold in body and in spirit. I decided that I would remain weak no more.

Anticlimax. Ravi had been surprised at my confrontation, but no means perturbed. He said that I wanted him to be with me all the time, and that he was not that kind of person.

"I told you ours would be a different sort of marriage. Variety is the spice of life."

I stood in front of him so that he could not move.

"Don't the words fidelity and trust in marriage mean anything to you?"

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill, Anita! I'm not serious about Nikki. Have a fling yourself, I don't mind".

All I had been planning to say suddenly became clear to me.

"Ravi, I'm leaving you".

Ravi was amazed that I had made such a drastic decision.

"Going back to Delhi? What do you have to go back to? You are in the heart of the world. You have your own car, limitless independence — in fact I've given you all the amenities life can provide. What more do you want?"

"Can't you understand, Ravi? These things you mention are not important. I want a feeling of closeness and togetherness in our marriage. I want a family, and to build our lives on trust. I hate all this drifting apart and casual values in life."

Ravi said that the type of marriage I wanted had gone out with Cilla Black and the mini skirt. I could see that I was certainly not indispensable to him. If I left, Ravi would not wither away with grief.

Arrangements had taken only a day to make. I was lucky, said the reservations clerk, there had been a last minute cancellation. I packed my new blue suitcase for its second journey.

The flat had looked dull and listless on my way out. I had chosen this because of my mania to go abroad. I had exchanged my country and its deep rooted values to become a second class citizen in a superficial society.

* * *

The jumbo landed at Palam Airport with hardly a bump. I helped my neighbour gather together her various parcels, and walked down to the waiting passenger bus. Customs were disappointed with my suitcase.

"Nothing to declare", I said and a uniformed official nodded sadly in agreement.

A dilapidated yellow-topped taxi came up to the curb. I gave the driver my address. He too looked at my solitary suitcase.

"It will still cost you extra for luggage," he said. I laughed and said we would argue that out on arrival. We both looked forward to some light hearted bargaining. I slid into the back seat thinking of the future. I had made no plans, just expecting to take life as it came. All I was certain of was that this time I was here to stay.

RAVI SAID THAT THE TYPE OF MARRIAGE I WANTED HAD GONE OUT WITH CILLA BLACK AND THE MINI-SKIRT. I COULD SEE THAT I WAS CERTAINLY NOT INDISPENSABLE TO HIM

Kiss a

casts the spell.

noTell

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KISS AND TELL

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I WAS A RUNAWAY

IT is easy for people to point a finger of scorn at me. I am a woman who has left her husband. Yes, I forsook Sanjiv and two small children to go and make a home with another man. Those who don't know the facts blame only me for going astray and wrecking the home. They pity my husband who went through the divorce without a murmur, they feel sorry for my two sons of four and six years who are left in the care of an ayah when Sanjiv is out at work.

The pity is that I stay in the same town and hear the nasty comments of people. If I had gone away with my lover Anil after the divorce, it would have been different. I would not have been compelled to hear unpleasant barbs. But Anil is employed in the same factory where my husband works and this makes my position worse. There are raised eyebrows whenever I happen to enter a room and whispers erupt behind my back as I leave.

One day I said to Anil in disgust, "I can't stand it any longer. Why don't you just leave the job?" He looked askance at me. "Are you crazy?" he asked. "Do you think it is so easy to get jobs, Bela? Thousands of people are unemployed and you want me to just chuck up the job!"

"When I come to the factory with your lunch," I pointed out, "I. . . people make all kinds of hurtful remarks."

"Then don't come to the factory," he said. "Who's asking you to come? I told you I'd eat in the canteen, but you insist on coming."

I did not speak. Tears stung my eyes. He did not know why I wanted to go to the factory. I could glimpse my two children who attended the nursery school two hundred yards away. It was for their sake I went. Often I took them sweets or toys and played with them during the recess.

I knew Anil even before I knew Sanjiv. That was my tragedy. People say today, "Bela loved Anil all along. She just made a mockery of marriage with Sanjiv, poor fellow." But the truth was, I married Sanjiv because my parents forced me.

I still remember the crucial moment when my life changed from carefree adolescence to rigid discipline. I was hardly out of school. Father wanted me to do a typing course so I could get a job, but mother put her foot down.

"Are you going to make the girl work?" she asked. "What will people say?"

"What will they say?" he asked. "These days so many women work."

"We will not fall into that class. Do you want to give people reason to talk? Do you want them to whisper, 'Old Laju has no money to get his daughter married. So he is making her work'?" she challenged.

"It is true I have no money," said my father.

"Quiet! Don't say it loudly. People will hear," my mother warned.

I don't know where she got the money, but one fine day, she told me my gallivanting was at an end. She had got a proposal of marriage for me. They did not want any money. He was a good boy.

Mother said Sanjiv came from a respectable CKP family and worked in a biscuit factory. His old mother stayed with him, but she was ailing. "Bela will have the run of the house. The old woman is too sick even to quarrel."

"What is wrong with her?" I asked.

"I don't know what is wrong with her. It does not matter. It is the boy you are marrying, not her."

"Who said I'm marrying the boy?" I cried. There was a stubborn streak in me that I had inherited from my father. The only difference was that his obstinacy had been worn thin in conflict with mother's persuasive whining, while mine was still sturdy.

"You have to marry him," she said. "I have given my word."

"I won't marry somebody I don't love," I cried.

"Look at her!" said mother addressing my father. "Love, she says! She's been seeing too many films. Her brain is full of dreams. Well, I'll tell you a thing or two about love, Bela. Your father didn't love me when he married me. In fact he hadn't even seen me, but we are happy now. He loves me now!"

"He's afraid of you now," I said.

"Bela!" said father sharply. "That's no way to talk to your mother!" He made me apologise. Later he took me aside and told me she meant to do only good. She had my welfare at heart. I ought to be happy with her decision.

I wasn't. At night I cried into my pillow. Mother woke up and asked me what was wrong. I could not tell her. She would have beaten me. I had been seeing Anil a lot. He was a young and sprightly youth with no

ostensible means of livelihood. He hung around the school compound, peddling guavas. Or he made money selling cinema tickets in the black market. Sometimes he gambled and he had some luck. He always seemed to have money and in my adolescent eyes it made him very clever. Often I had sneaked off from school and loafed around with him or gone to see a movie.

He boasted he was going to buy a scooter. Once in a chatty mood, I had asked him where he worked. He had laughed and said, "Why should I work when I can make money without lifting a finger?"

"What do you do all day?" I asked.

"I'm learning to be a motor mechanic," he said.

But he gave it up halfway and took lessons in tailoring. After a while he tired of that too. He was a rolling stone. I thought

WIFE

I would marry him just as soon as he settled down. He laughed at me. "I will take a long time to settle down. I want a good job. Are you prepared to wait that long?"

I told him I would wait forever.

Now mother was forcing me into marriage. The next day I saw Anil again and told him about their plans. He said he would come and talk to my mother. But when we put it to her, she just screamed at us and called Anil all kinds of names. I was quite ashamed of her. My young brother was present in the house too and heard everything.

I threw a tantrum after Anil had left, saying I would marry no one else. Mother locked me in the house without food for a day. To straighten me out, she said. It did not have the effect she hoped for. In fact, Anil and I made plans to elope. That they did materialise is another matter. Mother found out and had him arrested by the police on a false charge. They threw him into jail for a month. I didn't know what the charge was.

My parents sent me hopefully on my way to marital bliss. They felt I was young and would soon get over my infatuation. I almost did. Sanjiv was kind and loving for the first few weeks. His mother was non-interfering. We lived in a flat like countless others which had been provided for the employees of the biscuit factory.

One day, my brother Raman came to stay with us. He was having his holidays. Two days later Anil was released from jail. He made a beeline for me. I was drying clothes in the balcony when I saw him. My face grew pale with fear. I did not want Sanjiv to know about my past. I wanted no shadow to fall on my married life.

Anil gestured for me to come down. I obeyed because I was afarid he would come up instead. My brother was playing downstairs with some friends and he saw us.

"Aren't you going to invite me for a cup of tea in your new house?" Anil asked me.

"No," I said, "Please go away. Everything is over."

"How easy for you to say so Bela," he chided. "How do you suppose it is for me?"

PEOPLE ARE SO READY TO CONDEMN, TO POINT A FINGER WITHOUT KNOWING THE FACTS, AND I WAS CONDEMNED TO LISTEN TO THEIR NASTY COMMENTS ABOUT HOW I HAD GONE ASTRAY AND WRECKED MY HOME

"You're young and personable, you will always find another girl," I soothed him.

"I did not imagine you would go and get married behind my back like this."

"Honestly Anil, I could not help it. They forced me into it," I said.

"Does your husband know," he queried, "that you were forced into it?"

"Please, Anil. He mustn't know. I implore you."

"Why? It should not matter to you. You don't love him. It is me you want."

"Please go away," I pleaded and would have fled from his presence if he hadn't grabbed my arm.

"Bela," he hissed passionately. "I want you. I cannot live without you. You are. . . infinitely lovelier now."

I tried in vain to wrench my arm from his clasp. It was at that moment that Sanjiv returned from work. Anil released my arm reluctantly.

"Sorry to intrude on the marital harmony," he said, "I'm just an old friend, come round to wish the bride. I could not be present at the wedding, you see." He was watching my lips, my eyes. I remembered the desperate groping and kissing, the sexual overtures, in the dark interiors of cinema theatres and grew hot with shame. I was terrified he would tell Sanjiv about them. Sanjiv was cast in the mould of the unforgiving Hindu husband, and he was austere and chaste himself.

To my dismay Sanjiv invited Anil up stairs for a cup of tea. They talked of various things and Sanjiv asked him what he did for a living. Anil told him he was unemployed. Sanjiv then told him about a vacancy in the factory. The pay was good. A temporary post but it would be made permanent soon.

After Anil had gone, he asked me who Anil was. I told him he was a family friend "Why did you tell him about the job?" I asked.

"I wanted to gauge how much you meant to him, I wanted to see if he would jump at the chance of a job in your immediate vicinity," he replied.

I turned my face away.

"I've been talking to that brother of yours, you know," he said in a cold voice "Don't think I am all that simple."

"What did Raman tell you? What lies has he told?" I cried, shaken.

"You never wanted to marry me did you?" asked Sanjiv. "You wanted to marry that loafer who just came here!"

"It's not true!" I protested.

"It is true," he said. "So please don't get hysterical. The rooms are close together and people can hear."

That night for the first time since we were wed, he did not touch me. There was something haughty and sadistic in his moonlit profile that I did not like at all. I wept long into the night.

A few days later Anil came and told us he had got the job. Sanjiv was at home and I made tea. Presently Sanjiv rose and said he had to take his mother to the doctor. Anil rose too.

"Oh, don't go yet," said Sanjiv with extra sweetness. "You've just come. Sit and chat with Bela. I won't be long."

I went to the door terrified. I whispered to Sanjiv, "No, don't do this. Please take me with you."

It seemed to me that the sadistic streak in his face deepened. His smile was a grimace of pain. "Why?" he asked. "What are you afarid of? Your love for each other?"

They left in an autorickshaw, his mother and he, while I stood and watched, full of trepidation. I was startled as a hand touched my shoulder. It was Anil.

"Go away," I cried. "Please."

"Isn't it funny?" Anil asked in a mocking voice. "He wants me here, but you don't!" I shook his hand off and ran out into the street, mingling with the people on the road. Raman had gone back home soon after Anil's first appearance, after I had slapped him and accused him of sneaking tales to Sanjiv. I was alone in my horrible predicament. The people on the road, the annonymous crowd, gave me a feeling of security.

After some time Sanjiv returned. Anil had gone, without a word to me. My husband didn't speak either. His coldness terrified me. He led the shambling old lady to her bed and came into the room we shared.

"Shall I make tea?" I asked.

"Why? Didn't you have any with your lover?"

I felt as if he had slapped me.

"I didn't want to be alone in the house with him. So I went into the road."

"Why are you telling me all this," he asked. "Do you think I care?" "Please," I pleaded. "You are destroying our marriage."

"So it is I who am destroying it, is it?" he asked with a contemptuous look.

I tried to make an uneasy peace. I cir-

Continued on page 53

Nivea's SKIN GLOW

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INGREDIENTS : The Right Way

GARLIC

Seasoning is one of the very important aspects of good cooking as the flavour depends largely on the right choice of the material for seasoning. And garlic is always a favourite used for most dishes.

A member of the onion family, it is normally sold dried. The white, paper-thin skin encloses small curved segments known as cloves. These also have a thin layer of skin which must be peeled off. Garlic chives, or fresh garlic — green with flat leaves — are excellent as a garnish and can be used in sandwich spreads and green sauces. Whichever way you use garlic — chopped or ground — be sure you use it fresh.

Premila Lal

GARLIC LOAF

30 grams yeast
1¾ kg flour (maida)
1 tbsp. garlic, chopped
2 tsps. salt
¼ litre milk

Sift flour and salt together and put them in a large bowl, making a well in the centre. In another bowl put in the yeast and stir in about one third of the quantity of the slightly warmed milk. Pour the mixture into the well of flour and stir to make a thin batter. Sprinkle a handful of flour over the mixture and cover the bowl with a clean cloth. Allow to stand till the yeast works through the batter and it turns bubbly. Mix in the flour from sides and knead into a dough, adding the remaining warm milk and garlic. Knead well for ten minutes and allow to rise in a warm place for about one and half hours. Knead again, put into greased loaf tins and bake for about one and half hours in a hot oven.

LASNI MURGH

1 large chicken
½ litre curd
1 medium pod garlic, flaked
3 onions
3 green chillis
400 grams tomatoes
6 peppercorns
2 tsps. cummin seeds
Salt to taste

Beat the curd and pour into a large stainless steel saucepan. Joint the chicken and add the garlic. Stir in the peeled, halved

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

tomatoes, slit chillis, peppercorns and salt. Cook on medium heat adding a cup of warm water if the gravy is too dry. Cook until the chicken is tender. Sprinkle with roasted ground cummin seeds before serving.

FRESH GARLIC TOMATO SALAD

6 large tomatoes
2-3 tbsps. olive oil
1 tbsp. fresh green garlic, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
½ cup cottage cheese, crumbled
Chopped parsley

Wash and dry the tomatoes. Cut into thin slices and arrange them overlapping on a flat serving dish. Sprinkle with salt and freshly ground pepper, oil, chopped garlic and cottage cheese. Garnish with parsley and serve.

STEAK WITH SAUCE

3-4 thin steaks
500 grams red tomatoes
1 tbsp. garlic, crushed
2 tbsps. olive oil
1 tsp. fresh parsley, chopped
Salt and ground black pepper

Blanche the tomatoes. Chop into small pieces. Heat the oil in pan and saute the garlic for a few minutes. Add the chopped tomatoes season with salt and pepper. Cook briskly for five minutes till soft. Stir in the parsley. Season steaks with salt and pepper and fry in a little oil till brown on either side and half cooked. Spread the tomato mixture thickly on each steak, cover pan and cook for about ten minutes till steaks are tender.

CHICKEN WITH GARLIC SAUCE

1 chicken, roasted
1 pod garlic, flaked
Chicken stock
Salt to taste
1 tsp. soya sauce
Chicken fat

Crush the garlic. Skim about two tablespoon of hot chicken fat from the gravy of the roast chicken and pour into the crushed garlic. Add enough hot chicken stock to prepare a sauce of a thin creamy consistency. Season with salt and soya sauce. Carve the chicken into suitable pieces and keep warm. Coat with garlic sauce and serve.

PICKLED TOMATOES WITH GARLIC

1 kg ripe tomatoes
60 grams mustard seeds
40 grams cummin seeds
60 grams red chillis
15 grams fenugreek
1 pint gingelly oil
1 pint vinegar
250 grams sugar
30 grams salt
100 grams garlic, minced
60 grams ginger, minced

Wash and dry the tomatoes. Roast the cummin, mustard and fenugreek on a dry frying pan. Grind together with chillis and a little vinegar to a fine paste. Heat the oil in a large saucepan and fry the ground spices for five minutes. Gradually add tomatoes and vinegar then sugar, salt, ginger and garlic. Simmer uncovered, stirring occasionally till tender, and the oil floats to the top. Preserve in airtight jars.

PIZZA PIE PIQUANT

3 cups flour
60 grams yeast (dissolved)
2 tbsps. olive oil
4 tbsps. milk
1 tsp. salt
1½ cup tomatoes, chopped
2-3 tbsps. cheese, grated
2 tbsps. sliced ham, chopped
Chopped parsley or coriander
1 green chilli, chopped
1 tbsp. garlic, chopped

Knead together the flour, yeast, oil, milk and salt for fifteen minutes. Leave to rise for two hours. Pat the dough to two large thick chappatis. Spread with chopped tomatoes, sprinkle with cheese, ham, coriander, garlic and chilli. Brush lightly with oil and bake for ten minutes.

CRISP GARLIC DUCK

1 large duck
1 pod garlic, flaked
2 tbsps. cornflakes, crushed
1 onion, chopped
2 tbsps. arrowroot biscuit powder
Butter as required
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. salt

Joint the duck. Boil in three cups of salt water with the chopped onion. Meanwhile mix the biscuit and the cornflake crush. Keep aside. Blend the seasoning and chopped garlic and butter. When the duck is cooked, drain. Heat the butter mixture. Dip the pieces into the butter and then into the crumbs. Arrange in an oven proof dish and brown for twenty minutes.

Mrs. Regina da Silva, Goa.

FISHERMAN'S HOTPOT

1 kg shark fish (or any other big fish)
4 large white radish
¼ kg onions
1 cup tomato puree
¼ cup groundnut oil or salad oil
1 lime sized ball tamarind
Salt

GRIND TO A PASTE:

6 cloves garlic, flaked
1 inch piece ginger
1 inch piece turmeric
½ tsp. cummin seeds
6 cloves
6 peppercorns
1 inch piece cinnamon
8 red chillis
2 tbsps. vinegar

Clean and wash the fish. Slice it. Apply salt and ground masala and keep aside. Clean the radish and cut into thick slices. Cut onions in rings and mix with the oil. Extract thick tamarind juice in a little warm water and mix it with the tomato puree.
In a casserole pour a little oil to coat the base evenly. Arrange a layer of the onions followed by a layer of fish and then a layer of radish. Repeat and end up with a layer of onion. Pour the

POONAM ABHYANKAR, Pune.

Mrs. Abhyankar wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a set of 3 Thumb-press Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a Steam-thru from Meera Metal Industries, Bombay.

MUTTON BERARI

450 grams mutton, boneless,
6 onions, sliced fine
1 cup fresh cream
1½ cups curd
4 bay leaves
2 cardamoms
2 cloves
1 stick cinnamon
4 tbsps. ghee for frying

GRIND TO A PASTE:

10 red chillis
1 tsp. turmeric powder
12-15 cloves garlic, flaked
2 inch piece ginger
25 grams raisins
25 grams cashewnuts
2 tbsps. poppy seeds
10 cloves
6 cardamoms
2 inch piece cinnamon
½ fresh coconut, grated

Fry the sliced onions in two tablespoon of ghee. When slightly brown, add bay leaves and the whole spices. Add mutton pieces and salt. Keep frying till meat is well browned. Add four cups of water and simmer till meat is tender.
In another pan, heat the remaining ghee and fry the ground masala till the ghee separates. Then pour this over the cooked mutton and stir well. Mix together the cream and curds. Now add this mixture and simmer for ten minutes. Remove from the fire when the gravy reaches the desired consistency

tomato sauce and tamarind pulp mixture over and cover tightly. Simmer on a slow fire for five minutes. Then bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

Miss Shanaz Mehta, Secunderabad.

savouring the unknown...

This week, Bombay's gourmets will have the opportunity to savour some really exotic cuisine — courtesy, Holiday Inn, which is holding a five-day Zambian Festival from February 11 to 15. This is the first ever culinary exhibition from a region which to most of us is still "darkest Africa." It should be an exciting experience. And, apart from the Zambian dishes, carvings, crafts and traditional dances of that country will also be on exhibition, all flown in by Zambia Airways.

Some of the Zambian recipes are given here and we are sure our readers will find them interesting enough to try them at home. Maybe some of them will be a hit at home. As far as possible, we have tried to give recipes for which the ingredients are available locally. A generous use of groundnuts is made in the recipes and the methods are easy to follow, not too elaborate. At the festival the dishes you will taste are prepared by Mrs. Margie Kaweche, from the Zambian Ministry of Education and Culture who is an excellent chef, too.

CHILLI-CORN MINCE IN TORTILLAS

¾ kg meat, coarsely ground and cooked
¼ kg corn, cooked
1 tbsp. chilli powder
1 tbp. raisin
5 dry prunes (kharak)
200 grams red chillis, soaked in vinegar
6-7 cloves garlic, flaked
1 inch piece ginger
25 grams fat
3 tbsps. celery and coriander leaves, chopped
Salt and sugar to taste
2 onions

FOR THE TORTILLAS:

½ cup corn-meal flour
¼ cup millet flour (jawar)
¼ cup cornflour
½ cup wheat flour
Meat stock for the dough

FOR THE GARNISH:

3 tbsps. cheese, shredded
1 cup tomato puree

Chop the onions, ginger and garlic finely and fry in the fat till brown. Add the coarsely ground corn and mince and fry until dry. Grind the chillis in vinegar along with the raisins, prunes, chilli powder, sugar and salt to make a sauce. Mix this with the mince mixture. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire.

TO MAKE THE TORTILLAS:

Make a dough of the sifted flours using hot stock. Leave covered for a while. Roll out a small ball of the dough lightly on a flour-dusted board. Roast these lightly on a tava. Fill the tortillas with the above mixture. Roll like pancakes and serve topped with tomato puree and cheese.

MAIZE NSHIMA

2 cups maize meal (makki ka atta)
Water as required

Heat the water to the boiling point. Make paste of the maize meal in a cup or any suitable container and mix to the boiling water. Let the paste cook for ten minutes. Stir in some more maize meal until you get the consistence you want.
Serve hot with meat, vegetables or beans.

DRIED, POUNDED PUMPKIN LEAVES

2 cups dried pumpkin leaves
2 cups groundnuts, pounded
1 or 3 spring onions
1 tomato
Water as required
Salt to taste

Pound the groundnuts and keep aside. Put a little water into a pot and put to boil with salt. Add the washed vegetables, cook until tender. Peel and chop the onions. Add to the cooking vegetables, cook until the onions are soft. Stir in the groundnuts. Cook on slow fire, for another ten minutes. Serve with nshima hot or cold.

DRIED, KAPENTA WITH ROASTED GROUNDNUTS

200 grams dried kapenta (mandli fish)
3 tomatoes
2 cups groundnuts, roasted
3 onions
Salt to taste

Wash the dry fish in warm water to kill germs and to get rid of the sand. Put the fish to boil, add salt and cook for one to two hours. Wash the tomatoes and onions, chop finely and add to the fish. Cook until the tomatoes and onions are cooked. Make a paste of groundnuts. Add to the cooking fish. Cook on slow fire for another five minutes. Instead of the dry fish you can substitute dried game meat. Serve cold with warm nshima.

STEWED BEEF MEAT

1 kg beef brisket (flesh meat)
2 medium onions
1 medium tomato
Salt to taste

Cut the meat into small pieces. Wash them in cold water and put in a pot to cook. When the meat is cooked dry stir with a wooden spoon and fry for a while. Add onions and tomatoes and continue cooking, stirring constantly until the tomatoes have cooked. Add enough cold water, cover with a lid, cook until the meat is tender and enough gravy is left. Remove from the fire. Serve hot with nshima.

GROUNDNUT STEW

1 dried chicken, cut into pieces
1 cup groundnuts, roasted
Water as required
2 tomatoes, chopped
1 tsp. salt or to taste

Simmer the chicken in two mugs of salted water for half an hour. Add the pounded groundnuts and the chopped tomatoes. Cook for another ten minutes. Serve with nshima, hot or cold.

CUT DRIED OKRA

½ kg dried okra (lady's finger)
2 tomatoes, chopped
1 cup groundnuts, pounded
1 litre ash-water, soda or salt

Put the ash water to boil. Add the dried okra and keep stirring until tender. Add tomatoes, groundnuts and salt to taste. Cover and boil for ten minutes. Stir all the time until tomatoes and groundnuts are cooked.

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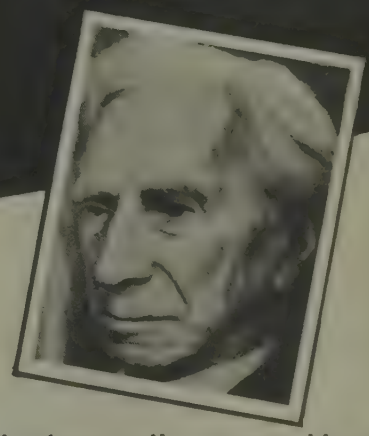
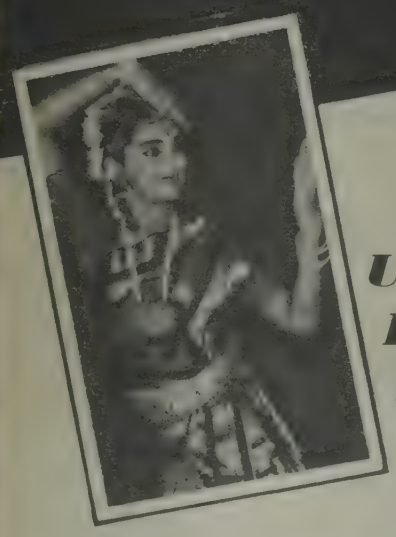
Gomateshvara's 1000th Birthday



The Relevance of Bertrand Russell

Thinker, Mathematician, Writer and, above all, a great Humanist, Russell was one of those few geniuses who combined in him the sensitivity of a poet with the exacting logic of a Mathematician. A death anniversary tribute.



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A comprehensive guide illustrated with colour pictures.

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Boxing: Thai Style

Drop-kicks, twists, hitting the midriff with the knee, straight boxing and tricks akin to judo are all part of Thai Boxing. It appears a slower sport than conventional boxing though the results are often every bit as devastating as the latter. A ring-side view of Thailand's national sport.

Plus all our regular features.

ALL THIS AND MORE IN

MIRROR

FEBRUARY 1981

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

DO YOU THINK WE DARE?
WELL - IT CERTAINLY WOULDN'T BE DIGNIFIED -
AND WE'D LOOK FOOLISH IF ANYONE SAW US -
FORTUNATELY, THERE'S NOBODY IN SIGHT -
THEN I HOPE I REMEMBER HOW TO START -
YOU WILL -
WHEE!
5-27
WOW! I FEEL LIKE A KID AGAIN!
I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN YEARS!
IMAGINE - YOU AND ME.... A PAIR OF MIDDLE-AGED SWINGERS!
WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY?
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DURING a bad storm, mother thought her young son would be frightened, so she tiptoed into his room to comfort him.

The boy opened his eyes and mumbled: "What on earth is Dad doing with the TV set now?"

• • •

MEYER Berger of the "New York Times", is not an easily ruffled man. One day a colleague came upto him excitedly saying, "Mike, I've got a terrific page-one story. There's just been a terrible earthquake in Psycyzcyzyna. Poland."

Mike didn't look up from the column he was studying. Instead he asked: "What was the name of the place before the earthquake?"

• • •

I KNOW a very tough boss to work for. One of his employees crept into his office timidly one morning and said, "Sir, may I have next Thursday off? It's my sister's silver wedding anniversary."

"Fine thing," snarled the boss. "Do I have to put up with this every twenty-five years?"

• • •

AT a swank cocktail party, one well known actress said to Betty Hutton, "I just hate to think of my twenty-fifth birthday."

Miss Hutton said, "Why do you want to look that far back?"

• • •

A REPPORTER was sent to interview a man who'd just reached hundred. "What is the secret of your longevity?" he asked.

"My secret is the fact that I eat one pound of garlic every day."

"I see," said the reporter, "But why do you call it a secret."

• • •

A LUNATIC in a padded cell was complaining. "It's not fair," he muttered. "Julius Caesar shouldn't be kept in a little cell like this."

The keeper looked in. "I thought you were Abraham Lincoln?"

"Oh no," said the lunatic, "that was by my first wife."

• • •

HERE, are a few gags about the professions...

Advertising: Do you know why Samson was a good advertising man? Because he took two columns and brought down the house.

• • •

THE airlines: When Bob Hope took his first supersonic flight he said after it. "I pinched the hostess in New York and got slapped in San Francisco."

• • •

THE law:

"I couldn't serve on the jury, Judge. One look at that fellow and I know he's guilty."

"Shhhhhh. That's the district attorney."

• • •

CLERGY: A vain clergyman asked an old man how he'd enjoyed the sermon. The old man said, "Oh I enjoyed one passage very much." Pleased, the clergyman asked, "Which was that?" The old man said, "The one from the pulpit to the vestry."

• • •

MOVIE industry: They shoot far too many films and not enough actors.

Milton Berle once saw a movie that was so damn bad he said the seats were facing in the wrong direction.

Tallulah Bankhead appeared in a picture and it was a flop. The critic panned her thus: "Miss Bankhead, your show is slipping."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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DEV ANAND

SHASHIKALA

Photographs : Rakesh Shreshta

DEV ANAND AND SHASHIKALA:

THE SECRET OF THEIR ETERNAL YOUTH

Nalini Uchil

Like others in less glamorous careers, film folk too are very keen on accumulating wealth in the shortest possible time and again, as in the case of less glamorous folk, prosperity begins to show in the wrong places. Curves become bulges and tyres of extra flesh begin to make their appearance with spare chins. But like every rule, this too has exceptions. So we decided to meet two of our senior but evergreen stars who have remained young over the decades and are cited as examples of the well-preserved human species.

When we have to pick out the well-preserved, from among our film folk, the one who comes to our mind first is Dev Anand — the one man who still is "young" enough to play the romantic lead when most of his contemporaries are back in the pavilion.

But when we went to meet him and asked him the one question that almost every journalist must have asked him, his reply was, "I am no physical instructor, nor a judo or karate expert to talk about physical fitness." Then, "I am only a normal man," he claimed. But when I pointed out that he looked so uncommonly young, he smiled his boyish smile and relented. "I guess I take care of myself. I don't smoke and I don't overeat," he said.

Talking rapidly about his diet, he said, "I have toast and milk for breakfast. I eat rice only once in a way, I do eat everything, but always within limits, and I stick to a vegetarian diet."

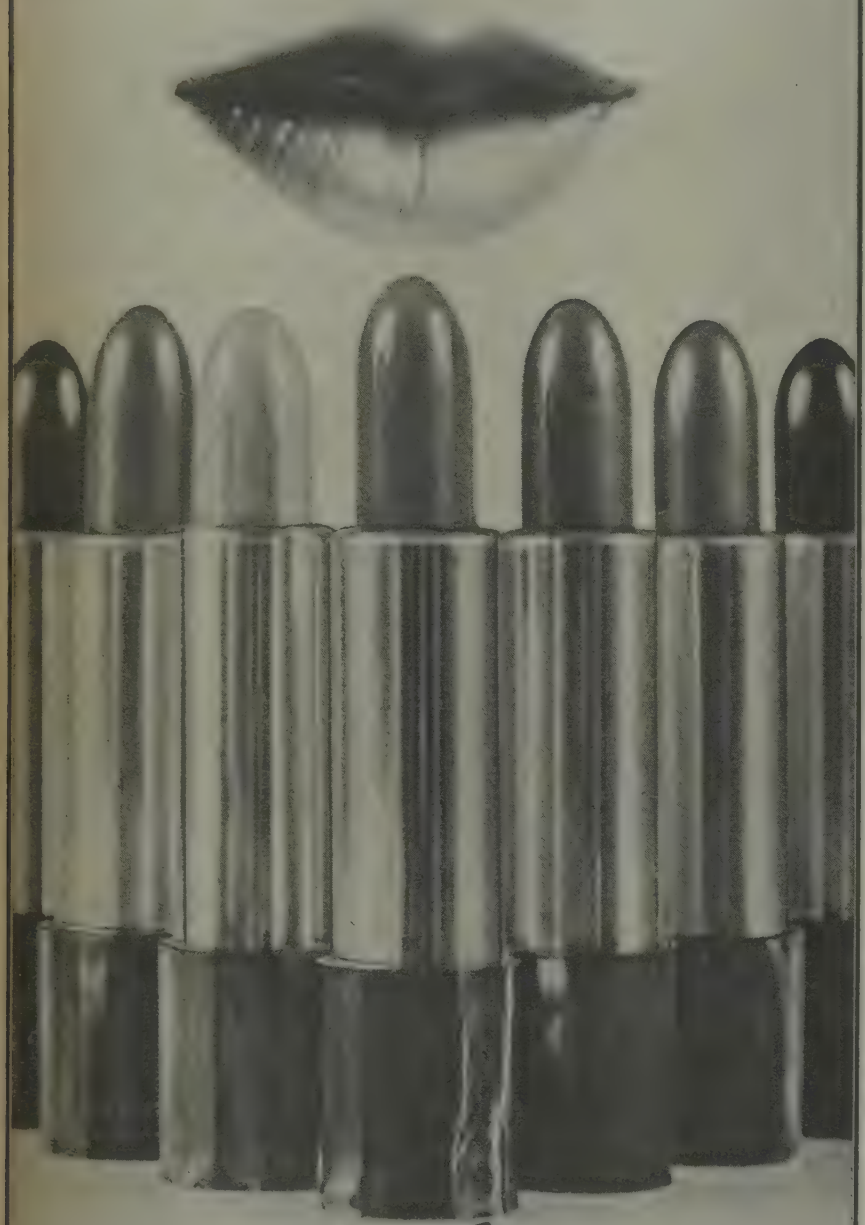
If there's anyone wondering how many hours a day he devotes to callisthenics to maintain his trim figure, then there's surprising news. "I don't really do any specific exercises. I don't jog. All I do is some simple bending exercises before my bath for five to seven minutes. Keeping young is a mental process. I don't fret, in fact, I always smile. I don't let any problem get me down. I don't worry about the past. My only health problem is my migraine. But then that is the penalty of the overactive brain, and I can't live without thinking. I'd be dead if I stopped thinking, just a block of wood or a vegetable!"

When told about all the speculation that goes on about his hair, he retorted, "Let them speculate! My hair is my own," and tugged at his hair to prove it. "I have grey hair, but I hide it under my black."

When one thinks about the Dev Anand of the good old days, one is reminded of the famous puff and buttoned-down shirt. But this very style that endeared him to millions, is now at the root of a whole lot of rumours that Dev Anand hides the effects of plastic surgery behind huge collars and mufflers. "No, I don't go in for plastic surgery. I believe that facial surgery can distort a person's features to a certain extent. Besides, I don't always button up to my chin!" (I couldn't contradict that because he was wearing an open-necked shirt.)

Almost everyone wants to know how he manages to look so young year after long year, and his answer was, "I am never careless in what I eat and what I drink and what I do. The newcomers of today are positively unconcerned about these things. My advice to them is: Eat and drink as you please, but do not

Lip Service with a difference



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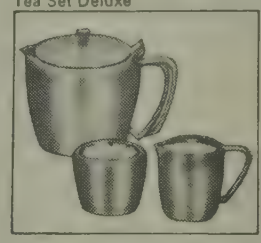
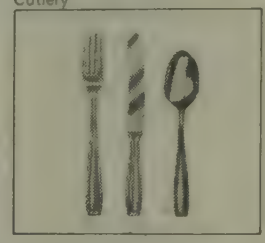
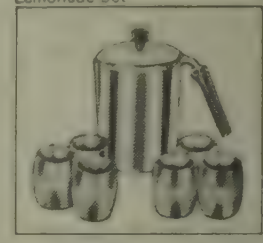


Cutlery



Lemonade Set



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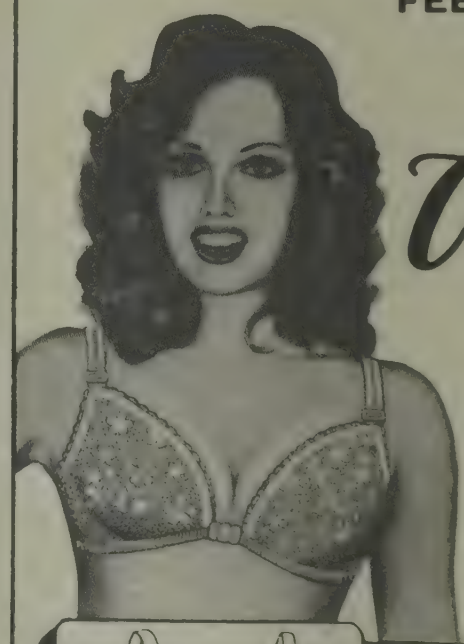

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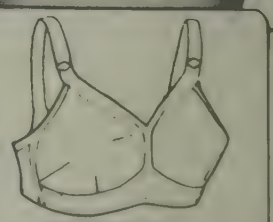
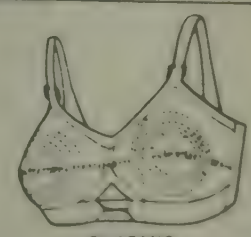


DREAM GIRL



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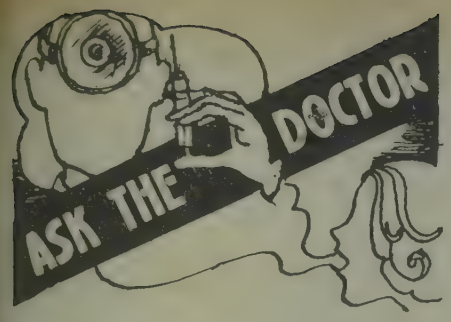

By Dr. Kanchan Nadkarni

UNDERWEIGHT BABY

Q. My six-month-old son, though normal in all other respects, is grossly underweight for his age. He weighs just 5 kg. (11 lb.). Is this a cause for worry?

M. T. (Coimbatore)

A. The weight of a six month-old Indian baby ranges between 6 and 7.5 kg. (13 to 16.5 lb.). An easy rule of thumb to check just how much underweight your infant is would be to determine whether, at six months, he has doubled his birth weight. If he has, you have nothing to worry about. However, ensure that he does not suffer from persistent infections like diarrhoea, dysentery, which can really sap a child's weight. Have his stools examined to eliminate infections. The baby should be given plenty of milk, supplemented with cereals and fruit juice. Actually, he is at the ideal age when he can be introduced to new tastes, so give him any food eaten by adults, but mashed and without chillies. Multivitamin drops (e.g. ABDEC or Vi-daylin) are useful as supplements to regular food in the normal development of the baby.

PERPETUAL COLD

Q. I suffer perpetually from a cough and cold in the head. I have tried several tonics and popular cold remedies, but with no success. What could be the matter?

R. L. (Calcutta)

A. There could be several causes for your perennial cold. You could possibly be allergic to ordinary dust (a fair number of people abroad are), in which case, the cure would be to wear at all times a nasal filter; or a cotton mask when travelling. You may have developed a condition of reduced immunity, ie. the general resistance of your body to fight alien organisms may be lowered due to chronic infection, malnutrition (caused even by dieting). It is possible that you may have had a viral infection, and neglected to treat it properly. Try steam inhalations (with a towel over your head) three to four times a day. If this does not solve the problem in a short while, you should consult an E.N.T. specialist, for your chronic cold may be caused by a "nose polyp" or deflected nasal septum.

LIGHT-COLOURED PATCH

Q. About a week ago, I noticed a light-coloured patch on my shoulder. There seemed to be a loss of sensation in it, for when I poked it with a pin, I could not feel anything. Could this be the beginning of leucoderma?

N.M.R. (Lucknow)

A. A leucoderma patch is much whiter than the rest of the skin colour, and cannot be mistaken. Moreover, leucoderma does not cause loss of sensation. What you describe is most likely a patch caused by leprosy. Now, do not get worried; leprosy is an extremely treatable disease, and more people have it than you may think. Leprosy is of two types — infective and non-infective. Look carefully all over your body for other similar patches which are only very slightly lighter than the rest of the surrounding area. A "shiny" patch, with **no** loss of sensation would mean an ordinary fungal infection, but loss of sensation is a typical symptom of leprosy.

Consult your family physician, who will put you on a long course of dapsone tablets. If the treatment schedule is faithfully adhered to, the patches will vanish in due course.

DYSENTERY WITH GRIPES

Q. The other day, I had a good helping of roadside bhelpuri. The next day, I had severe dysentery. I had to go to the toilet as often as eight times within a space of two hours, and each time, I passed a small quantity of slimy stools, tinged with blood. Each time, I had severe griping pain in the abdomen.

R. T. (Bombay)

A. The most common cause of the kind of stools you have described is amoebic dysentery, which has an incubation period of eight to 48 hours. An acute attack occurs usually within 24 hours. It is caused by an organism that has a host of "carriers" — unwashed hands after a visit to the toilet, faecal matter remaining under long finger-nails. It can be destroyed only by boiling or steaming food or water.

The amoeba affects the intestinal lining and causes the traces of blood in the stools. The frequent watery, mucousy stools can drain a person totally.

So get your stools examined, and consult a physician who will treat you.

Dr. Kanchan Nadkarni, who has completed her post-graduation from the renowned All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi, currently works as a consultant in the Chemotherapy department of the Tata Memorial (Cancer) Hospital, Bombay. Dr. Nadkarni will answer your queries on medical issues in this column every fortnight. Your questions should be addressed to: Ask The Doctor, c/o Eve's Weekly, and MUST BE accompanied by this coupon, which will appear every fortnight.

DEV ANAND and SHASHIKALA

overdo anything. Keep everything within limits."

And finally when I asked him how long he would continue in films, his brief reply was, "As long as I live." And he finished with one more of his incandescent smiles, and I promptly forgot the next question. So I called it a day and departed.

The next candidate had obviously to be a woman. And who better than Shashikala, the glamorous grandmother? "How wonderful of you to think of me for this topic!" was Shashi's delighted reaction. "The first tip on keeping yourself young is to keep smiling," she said, beaming herself. "Accept life as it comes. There is no point in brooding, considering yourself as the most unfortunate being in the world and moaning perpetually."

Coming down to the physical side, she said, "I do a lot to Yoga besides other exercises. And I meditate a lot. I jog." (Inside her home.) And, unlike Dev Anand, Shashikala has a specific diet. She has been a strict vegetarian for the past five years. "For lunch, I have a cup of curds, four almonds, four raisins. And as I cannot do without rice, I have a little of it at night with a cup of curds and vegetables. I have a lot of milk. I don't drink coffee as a rule. But I must have a cup of tea at 4 o'clock in the evening."

Looking at Shashi's face, one wonders how she has succeeded in keeping the wrinkles at bay. "Right from the start of my career, I made it a habit to rest my skin by keeping it make-up free for as long as I could. I would never keep my make-up on after I finished a shift. I never use make-up when I make my social rounds."

Traditionally a woman's hair is considered crowning beauty. Although Shashikala has her hair cut short, she has a thick, healthy growth of glossy hair.

"Greying hair is a hereditary problem," says Sashi. "For example my daughters have started greying already because their father greyed prematurely. No matter what the fashion conscious girls have to say about oil being old fashioned, a good oil massage twice a week is absolutely necessary for healthy hair. And I don't believe in using shampoos. I soak aritha, amla and shikakai overnight and use that mixture to wash my hair or else I use shikakai soap."

Reverting to the mental angle, Shashi said that meditation has helped her tremendously. This has helped her to bear her troubles with a smile. She shared her joys with her friends, but she never inflicts her sorrows on anyone. "A woman who can bear labour pains can bear any other pain in life. Whoever said that women are the weaker sex? Except perhaps physically, women are stronger in every way. The one thing I dislike is gossiping. I prefer to use my time more fruitfully. I prefer listening to philosophical discourses or meditating to discussing sarees and jewellery!"

Shashi has many films on hand to keep her occupied. She is back to working with the friends of her heyday — Ashok Kumar, Rehman, Nanda. So there she is today — busy, contented, amazingly youthful.

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MEENA MADHVANI

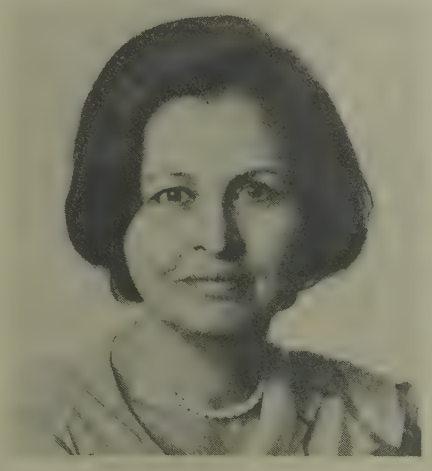
RETURN OF A NATIVE

When Idi Amin, Uganda's erstwhile dictator expelled Asians in '72, the Madhvanis like numerous other families were forced to leave their homeland and seek refuge elsewhere. On a recent business trip to Bombay, Meena Madhvani spoke of life in Uganda, the upheaval in her life and the new hope that the overthrow of Amin has brought to his ravaged country.

Meena Madhvani was born and brought up in Tanzania and married the late Jayant Madhvani, scion of the wealthy and powerful Madhvani family of Uganda whose business interests embraced everything from sugar and coffee plantations to steel, glass, and soap factories and a vast agricultural estate.

They lived the life of the very wealthy in a luxurious home near Jinja where "guests recall taking tea on the terrace surrounded by peacocks, and with a breathtaking view over Lake Victoria and the headwaters of the Nile." Their children were educated at exclusive public schools abroad, their daughter Nimisha at Benenden in Kent, and their eldest son at Charterhouse and Oxford. They entertained distinguished visitors from abroad as well as the local big-wigs, among them the very Idi Amin who later kicked them out. Though they played a crucial role in the economic development of the country they also used their tremendous wealth to set up schools, colleges, libraries, halls, hostels and the Muljibhai Madhvani College of Commerce, the first commercial school for Africans.

Jayant Madhvani was involved in politics and sat in the Legislative Assembly as a member of the Uganda Peoples Congress. He was a close friend of Milton



Obote, the Ugandan leader who assumed power, after Uganda's Independence in '62.

Then in 1971, while on a trip to India, Jayant Madhvani died and a year later the Madhvani family had to leave everything and flee. "We just took it as it happened. It was like a volcano errupting in our midst. We hoped that the nations of the world would not allow such an exodus, especially with a body like the U.N. committed to fundamental rights in existence, but even that didn't help. It was not the material things that one was worried about losing. It was just so puzzling that such a thing could have happened," said Mrs. Madhvani echoing the eternal disbelief of the exile.

She left for the States where one of her two sons was studying and was joined there by her daughter Nimisha who entered Bryn Mawr where she studied Political Science and Economics.

During the eight years in exile in the States, Mrs. Madhvani and her daughter worked with others for the cause of exiles, "so that the rights of other people could be established in other parts of the world," as Nimisha put it. Nimisha was part of the International Students' Association at Bryn Mawr and the Madhvani's instituted a scholarship at Bryn Mawr for American students to come out to Uganda and see things for themselves and for Ugandans, especially women (Bryn Mawr is a women's college) to study in America. What struck Nimisha forcibly she said was the lack of knowledge about Uganda: "People just didn't know what it was really like and the purpose of the scholarship was to get Americans acquainted with Uganda," said Nimisha who is at present training with a business organisation, is learning to fly and intends eventually to set up her own business — not part of the family business she says firmly. That's dominated too much by the men and she would like to forge ahead on her own.

The Madhvani's have now returned to Uganda with the intention of rehabilitating the industry and Mrs. Madhvani is taking an active part in the business. Coming back she said was a tremendous shock. "It took 50 years to build up the country and only eight years to create an industrial graveyard." But they have faith in the future, and in Obote's government. "My mother is known as 'Mama' to all the people. She gave them enormous moral support," says Nimisha who is obviously very proud of her mother's strength and determination to participate in rebuilding the family business as well as running a home.

The Asian community, Mrs. Madhvani feels, has an important part to play in Africa's development. The Madhvani's did not believe in holding themselves aloof from the African population. "Asians are spoken of as just shopkeepers, but look what we have done for the economy, for providing services." The allegation that Indians live lives isolated from the African community is not true she said. Ties with India remain, religious ties, business contacts but there is no doubt that they identify themselves totally with the country in which they have been born and bred which explains what is at first difficult to understand—why Mrs. Madhvani and her children returned to a country that is still not as stable as one would like it to be. But Mrs. Madhvani expressed complete confidence in Obote and his ability to rebuild Uganda. And in this rebuilding process the Madhvani's would undoubtedly have a big part to play. Besides, as Mrs. Madhvani says, "Uganda to us was home," and it is obvious that she loves the country in whose social, economic, and educational life she and her family have been so involved.

REJUVENATION THROUGH AYURVEDA

Continued from page 18

Thakra dhara: For nervous disorders, insomnia, mental depression and hypertension. The patient lies on her back. A combination of gooseberry, buttermilk and herbs are made to drip through a pot on her forehead for 30 minutes, which is gradually increased to an hour by the seventh day. By the fourteenth day it tapers down to 30 minutes again. The body is all the while gently massaged by two persons. During the period of treatment, no alcohol, no cold drinks and no mental exertion.

Nasyam : For sinusitis, where oil is blown into the nostrils for seven days. The full treatment is a highly exact science and must be done under the strict supervision of a vaidya. For chronic colds, migraines, eye strain.

According to Kurup, the Arya Vaidya Shala has standardised all the medicines and they are available from their outlets dotted all over India. For women there are medicines to cure severe gynaecological problems, dandruff leucoderma in the very early stages. Unfortunately, he says people resort to Ayurveda and other indigenous forms of medicines only after other treatments have failed to cure them. Ayurveda has no side effects, but the rules laid down by the vaidya must be followed to the letter if the treatment is to be effect-

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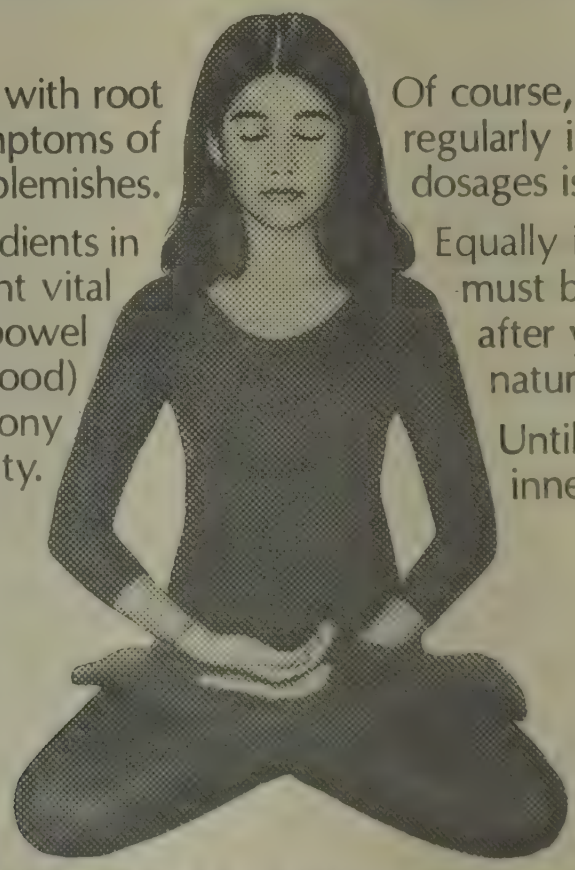

Of course, taking Rakta Doshantak regularly in the prescribed daily dosages is a must.

Equally important, the treatment must be continued for a while after your skin is restored to its natural beauty.

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TO JOG, TO SWEAT, TO SHED

BUSYBEE joins the "health nuts" on the Bombay racecourse

The other evening, a friend took me to the Mahalaxmi racecourse.

"Why, today? There are no races today," I said.

The friend explained: "Nobody goes to Mahalaxmi these days for races. They go there to jog. I thought you knew that by now. It is known as jog your way to health."

When we reached the racecourse, we found a lot of cars parked there. "Why so many cars?" I asked.

The friend said, "People who come here to jog and sweat out their excess fat, come here in a car, then jog around the course, then get into the car and return home, or go for cocktail parties. All joggers do that, otherwise they will get very tired."

The whole racecourse was filled with joggers. There were 42 top industrialists, 23 leading doctors, three lawyers, including one who is an authority on constitutional law, an architect with his family, chauffeur and servant, two editors of newspapers, a member of the Yugoslav consulate, Mrs. Asha Seth, a society swami, who was probably going straight from the racecourse to give a discourse on the Geeta in some industrialist's drawing-room, and Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester da Cunha.

I asked my friend, "You think they will mind if we join them for a jog? These society people are very exclusive."

My friend said, "So long as you follow certain rules, nobody will mind. Remember to say good-evening to any jogger who is coming from the opposite direction and whose photograph you have seen in the papers recently, do not boast before old joggers on how many rounds you have jogged, and under no circumstances pet the dogs of other joggers."

I must say it was a very well turned-out gathering of joggers. Most of them were wearing those long trousers with garters at the bottom that American boxers wear when they are sparring in their gymnasiums or Olympic champions wear when they climb the victory stand to receive their medals. They were also wearing T-shirts with brand names written across the chest — evidently bought during their last trip abroad.

I was wearing my Raymond's readymade trousers and an office bush-shirt and felt quite out of place among the joggers.

In fact, my friend also seemed to be embarrassed with my non-jogging dress. Because he told me, "Don't jog alongside me, jog at a little distance and pretend that you do not know me."

I WAS A RUNAWAY WIFE

Continued from page 37

cled his neck with my arms. He pushed me away. "Get away, you shameless hussy," he said.

In the following week, I was suddenly gripped with nausea. The weeks of sleeping had borne fruit. I told this to him tenderly, hoping the news would bridge the widening breach between us. On the contrary, it spurred him to the opposite extreme. He refused to believe it was his child.

The months of pregnancy were an inexorable hurtling to doom. Oh yes, there was sex between Sanjiv and me, but it was only an animal exercise robbed of all the magic. It was more like rape. He was often violent and surly, punishing me for my earlier rejection of him in the only way he knew. I bore all this patiently. Anil came occasionally and when I saw him, my old love for him began to be resurrected as a reaction to my husband's brutality.

When the child was born it was worse. Sanjiv began to ill-treat the boy. He would inflict such violent punishment on the child, out of all proportion to the offence, that I would cry with horror. It was almost as if he wanted to punish me by making the child suffer in front of my eyes.

I wanted to leave him and go back to my parents, but I had conceived another child. Lest he doubt the paternity of this one too, I stayed on till it was born. His brutality did not stop. When I tried to induce him out of it to a gentler love making, he laughed outright and said this was the only way to treat a whore like me!

I stuck it out for six years for the sake of the children. Then one day, in desperation I sought out Anil who had a steady job now, good enough to support me. He was angry when I told him. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?" he asked. "You want to become a martyr or something?"

When I told my parents I wanted to leave Sanjiv and marry Anil, they were shocked and tried to dissuade me. They said I ought to stick it out at least "for the sake of the children."

"No," I cried. "I have had enough. I cannot bear to see them suffer. I am prepared to lose custody on grounds of adultery rather than see them suffer like this. If I go away, maybe he will stop beating them. He is doing it only to punish me." But in the end I could not bear to leave them so I went with my two children and moved in with Anil as my parents refused to take me in.

Sanjiv filed a case against me bringing charges of abduction of the kids. He said I had committed adultery, was living in sin and was a bad influence on the children. Naturally the court granted him custody.

Now I see them rarely, and snatch moments of happiness. I bribe them with toys and sweets so that they will not cringe from me on account of their father's brainwashing.

And I am not even happy. How can I be? I am still paying for my mother's stupidity.

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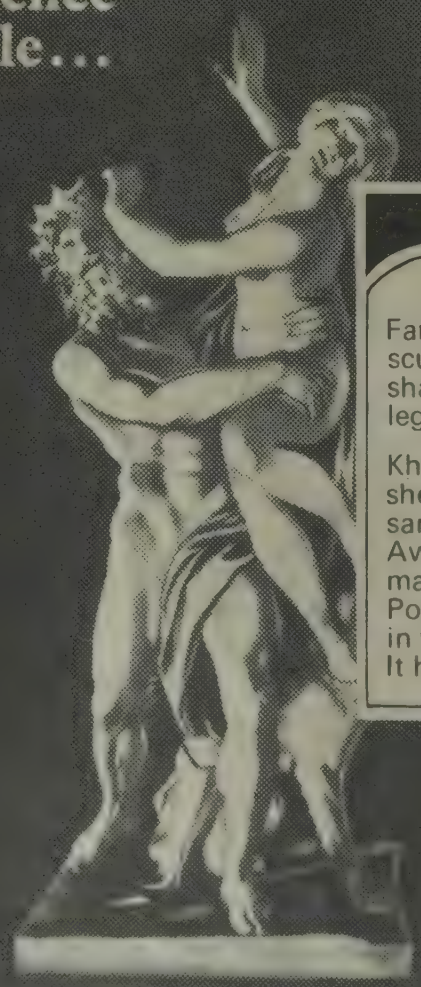

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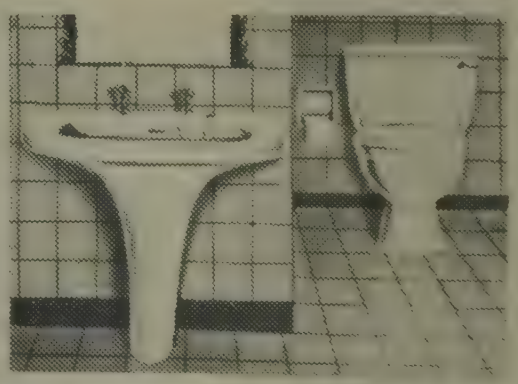

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THE WELLNESS THEORY:

A NEW CONCEPT IN HEALTH EDUCATION

Kathleen M. Smith

According to the wellness theory, the health of an individual is not simply a matter of sound constitution or freedom from and resistance to disease. Environment and lifestyle as well as habits of health and hygiene must be considered. Since there are many factors which can enhance or detract from wellness, it becomes necessary to speak in terms of degrees of wellness. For example, take two school age children, both of sound constitution, with good eyesight and healthy teeth — but one has a regular programme of exercise.

Which is in better shape? The exercise is a plus factor in one child's wellness. All other factors being equal, the child who takes exercise will be more well. All the attributes mentioned in the example, physical constitution, eyesight, dental health and exercise, are just a few of the elements that must be considered in evaluating the total health — physical and mental — of an individual. Nutrition, body weight relative to height and frame, flexibility and social adjustment are just a few of the parameters that must be considered.

In wellness education, children are asked to define "wellness," including all those factors that can possibly influence their total well being. In the process of identifying the elements which affect their health and fitness they evaluate the degree to which such influences can add to or detract from their overall wellness. They go on to examine their own health, habits and lifestyles to determine how well they are, and to learn what they can do to be more well. For example, having decided that good coordination and reflexes together with a healthy heart and lungs and well-toned muscles are important to total health, students are asked to consider exercise as a possible means for enhancing these physical systems.

They learn that the primary value in physical exercise comes from the prolonged temporary elevation of blood pressure, pulse and respiratory rate while developing the muscles. They are able to conclude that certain forms of exercise are more effective than others in promotion of good health. Swimming, jogging and running are given top rating because they provide good whole-body exercise. Active sports such as tennis, basketball, squash, etc. are preferred over less active sports such as baseball and cricket. Walking, table tennis and badminton are considered less valuable exercise, while golf is rated lowest.

SUCCESSFUL APPROACH

Teachers are finding this approach overwhelmingly successful compared to traditional strictures to eat balanced diets and maintain good hygiene. What had previously been considered to be a dull subject has become vitally interesting when directly oriented to the students' lives. They appreciate the opportunity to examine the statistics for themselves and the chance to draw their own conclusions, evaluating their own status in terms of what they are learning. The competitive instinct in children is stimulated in a positive sense, creating in them the desire to be more well than they are, and at least as well as any of their peers.

In areas where students find their personal wellness deficient they show interest in correcting the situation to the maximum degree. They are also stimulated to compensate for those areas that cannot be remedied by taking up sports, exercise or a relaxation technique. One surprising result is that school children, armed with statistics on the hazards of smoking and the benefits of good nutrition, are going home to have serious talks with their parents with a view to improving the wellness of their entire families. In western countries where wellness theory is taught, students are also beginning to inquire about what they can do to help their communities to become healthier places in which to live. Some older children are volunteering to work in hospitals in their free hours. Teachers report that they are showing more interest in environmental projects and are asking about career possibilities in nutrition and special education (teaching the handicapped).

HOW WELL ARE YOU?

The wellness theory is not just a method for teaching children health and hygiene. It is a

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THE WELLNESS THEORY

echnique for prompting every-ne of us, whether we are six r thirty-six, to evaluate our own tate of health and fitness. It en-ourages us to make the most f our potential for living a he-lthy and well-balanced life. low is the time for self-examin-tion. Are you over-weight, rone to colds or rheumatism? an you still run easily up the tairs — or are you out of brea-h and feeling weak if you try? isted below are some criteria f wellness. How would you ate yourself in these categories?

- Normal height/weight ratio
- Visual and auditory acuity
- Soundness of limbs and organs
- Resistance to disease
- Skeletal and muscular flexibi-ty
- Good coordination and reflexes
- Healthy teeth and gums
- Stamina and endurance
- Mental balance and self-tualization
- Resilience to stress factors
- Social adjustment

OW WELL CAN YOU BE?

Listed below are some major ctors relating to wellness with me useful tips for enhancing ur own physical ecosystem:

Weight vs height: It is no nger news that those who are verweight are more prone to pertension and cardiovascular sease, and as a result have a orter life span. Recent studies American life insurance com-nies now indicate that those o are underweight are also s long-lived than those whose ight is in the normal range r their height. Excesses in ei-er direction should be correct-with a programme to achieve d maintain normal weight. No sh diets please! These are o negative factors in wellness ory, since anaemia and other oblems due to malnutrition y result. Fasting should be dertaken only in controlled cumstances and under the pervision of a competent me-al advisor.

Diet: Proper nutrition is es-ntial to well being. A balanc-diet should include fresh its and vegetables, dals and lses, grains, polyunsaturated s (e.g. vegetable oils) and pro-n. Protein may be in the form eggs and/or milk products o-lacto vegetarianism), a mbination of grains and legu-s (pure vegetarianism) or from meat (non-vegetarian). However, since the saturated fats present in meat are linked to cholesterol in the blood (the prime cause of arteriosclerosis, heart disease and certain forms of cancer), the traditional Indian diet favouring no meat or low consumption of meat is quite sound in this regard. Many westerners are switching over to the ovo-lacto vegetarian diet to maintain proper health.

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Care should also be taken to avoid overconsumption of refined sugar and salt as well as foods containing artificial flavourings, colouring agents and preservatives. These are all linked to high incidence of cancer and other diseases. A lot of junk foods and soft drinks contain large amounts of these substances and should be consumed sparingly.

Exercise: Exercise has a profound positive effect on physical fitness. In choosing the form of exercise right for you, remember that a system that tones the entire body is most beneficial. Care should be used when beginning any system of exercise to start in a slow systematic fashion, gradually increasing the tempo and duration to avoid possible strain or injury.

Yogasanas: Medical professional and health educators currently give yogasanas a low rating as a positive factor in promoting fitness compared to traditional exercise and sports. Why? Unlike jogging, calisthenics, etc., asanas are not designed to raise pulse and respiration rates or blood pressure. It is felt that asanas are designed for maintaining the physical status quo rather than increasing wellness. The most recent research indicates this judgement may be in error. There is evidence that yogasanas provide an increase to the microcirculation, which gives many of the same benefits to the cardiovascular system as does violent exercise. Case studies by doctors who have recommended yogasanas to their patients show a wide variety of positive results; asanas have been found useful in correcting disorders of the spine, asthma and other respiratory ailments, menstrual problems and to be useful in reduction of weight.

Meditation: Research has shown that some techniques of meditation are of great benefit in improving all areas of wellness. The best documented research is on Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Transcendental Meditation Programme, taught in India by the Maharishi Institute of Creative Intelligence (MICI). Studies by scientific institutions the world over indicate the T.M. technique has a positive effect on the respiratory and cardiovascular systems.

Drinking, Smoking and Drug Abuse: Habits such as smoking, drinking and drug abuse are obvious negative factors to health and fitness. While the latest research tends to indicate that a limited consumption of alcohol under strictly controlled conditions might rate equal to abstinence, even benefiting some hypertensive patients, the same does not hold true for smoking. Minimal consumption of even low-tar filtered cigarettes must still be rated as a hazard. This is true not only for the smoker but includes those around him as well. According to a recent study reported in the "British Medical Journal", the non-smoking wives of smokers still had 1/2 to 1/3 the risk from direct smoking.

Drug abuse is the most serious negative factor. In addition to the obvious danger from "hard" drugs, it is important to avoid development of dependence upon tranquillizers or stimulants; even over-consumption of asprin can be deleterious to health.

Dental Care: Dentists say that although Indians have lower incidence of tooth decay, there is greater susceptibility to peridontal (gum) disease. It is very important to observe proper dental hygiene and to have teeth examined and cleaned regularly. Your dentist can demonstrate a toothbrushing technique to provide proper massage to the gums.

Vision Care: An annual eye examination is only sensible. Vision problems, if recognized early and corrected promptly, are often reversible. Uncorrected problems are likely to get worse. When reading be sure to sit in an upright position with proper lighting arranged so that no glare is cast on to the page.

Prenatal Care: Proper prenatal care is a positive influence not only for the health of the unborn child but for that of the mother as well. Nutritional needs change throughout pregnancy; correct diet and supplements of vitamins and minerals are essential to maintain good health.

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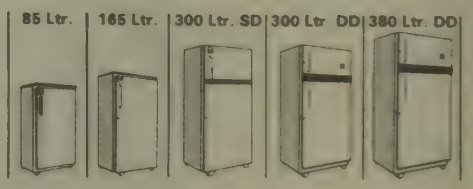
I've always said - only an Allwyn is good enough for me.



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Sista's-HA 66A 80

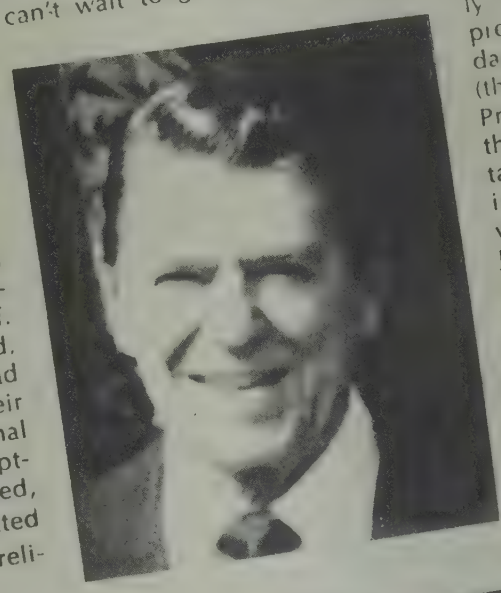
AFTER being twice widowed, **Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis,** who is still a stunner at the age of 51, has decided to get married again, reveals a family friend. This time the lucky man is 53-year-old **Maurice Templesman,** naturally a millionaire, whose fortune was founded on diamond interests. He was the finacial advisor to Jackie for many months after the death of her second husband, Greek shipping tycoon **Aristotle Onassis.** Apparently, the long delay has been in waiting for Mr. Templesman's divorce to come through, which has, very recently. Now there are no more impediments on the path of the lovestruck couple.

While one Kennedy is ready to celebrate another wedding, a second clansman's marriage is on the rocks. **Ted and Joan Kennedy,** after going through the traumas of Joan's alcoholism (of which she is now cured), Ted's scandal at Chappaquiddick and the assassination of John and Robert Kennedy, have finally decided to obtain a divorce. "We are parting amicably. And we have come to this decision after consulting priests (they are Roman Catholics and, strictly speaking, cannot obtain a divorce), family and the children," said the couple sadly.

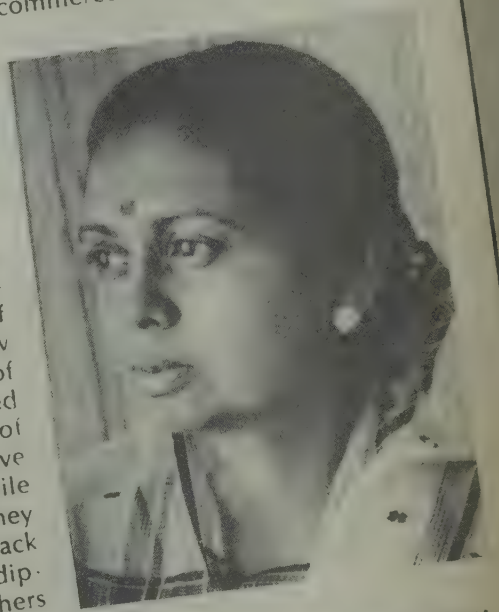
THERE was a time when Christians followed the dictum of St. Paul's "Suffer yourselves to be defrauded," rather than take a fellow church member to court. But today this is largely ignored. Now Americans have gone one step further. They have begun to sue churches and the pastors. In fact. so bad is the situation that many churches have begun taking package insurance deals secretly so that if a parishioner sues them for slipping on the ice in front of the church and breaking a leg, they can afford to pay the damages and the legal fees. The secrecy is to protect themselves from other parishioners who may be tempted to sue them if they knew that they could get easy money out of these churches. The latest case in point is that of **Rev. John MacArthur,** the head of a large nondenominational church in Los Angeles County. MacArthur and his colleagues were counselling a troubled church member, Ken Nally. Unfortunately, Ken killed himself. His Roman Catholic parents sued, charging that MacArthur had discouraged and prevented their son from seeking professional counselling. MacArthur attempted to get the case dismissed, claiming that the suit violated constitutional freedom of religion, as well as the confidentiality between the confessant and his priest. The court rejected his argument. Whatever the ultimate decision of the jury, this case will surely set a precedent.

FINALLY, it was **Ronald Reagan's** triumph. Poor vacillating Carter could not win the world's support against Iran. Although Iran claims to have "brought Satan (America) on its knees," in truth it was a loss for the nation. Suddenly realising that if Reagan sent in his men to free the hostages, Russia would also send its troops in (both superpowers are hungry for Iranian oil and will use any excuse to take over the oil fields) and the nation would become a battleground, Iran decided to free the 52 American hostages it had illegally kept for more than a year.

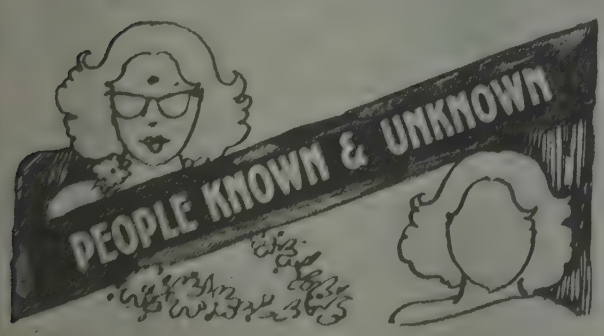
It was the best present Reagan could have got on his inauguration day as the 40th President of the United States. News has now come trickling in that many of the hostages were ill-treated while in captivity. Several of them are in need of intensive psychiatric treatment, while others are worried whether they would get their old jobs back in the armed forces and the diplomatic service. However, others have cheerfully said that they can't wait to get back to leading a normal life and start chasing girls again! Meanwhile, it is almost certain that **Mrs. Cynthia Dwyer,** popularly known as the 53rd hostage, will not be released by the Iranians. A free-lance journalist, she was arrested last year on charges of spying, but was never tried, and is now rotting in some Iranian jail.



THE Indian Merchants' Chamber is an august body that has been male dominated all these years. The first woman to storm this prestigious house of commerce is attractive, dynamic



Sharayu Daftary, who was recently elected unanimiously as its president. Although being the daughter of Lalchand Hirachand (the maker of Fiat — now called Premier — automobiles) helped there is no doubt that Ms. Daftary built up a base for herself in industry on her own. She worked on the shop floor with J. W. Lawrence and Co., U.K., to acquaint herself with the production process and, at the age of 24, launched Bharat Radiators. In spite of heading several ganisations, Sharayu finds time to solve women's problems through her association with a number of women's organisations in the social and cultural field



IT sounds like a scene out of a sci-fi movie. The Karnataka health minister, Mr. Abdul Samad, has decided to shift an entire village because it is completely polluted. The inhabitants of Nelagavalu village (population 3,000) situated on the banks of the Tungabadra river, suffer from stomach ache, nausea, lack of appetite and throat and eye irritation. The crops are affected and both the village wells are in a state of disuse. This is because the entire village is coated with caustic soda solid wastes that have been carried in the water and in the air from the nearby factory of Harihar Polyfibres. The cost of rehabilitating the villagers comes to about Rs. 75 lakhs, which will be met by the company, which will also now spend Rs. 30,000 annually in treating the effluents that flow into the river, to make sure that it's no longer polluted.

Announcing
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FEBRUARY 23, 1981

THE BUDGET
CRYSTAL-GAZING

Come February and speculation is rife about what rabbits the finance minister will draw out of his hat. No matter what the concessions and incentives the corporate sector is offered, it always clamours for more, year after year. Our interviewees ruminate, or rather, engage in wishful thinking, on what the Budget 1980-81 should contain. This is not to deny the case for fiscal reform, rationalisation of the tax structure and streamlining of the tax administration.

NUTS ABOUT FOOD EXPORT

Industrial foresight and a little bit of luck have seen HARIRAM JERAM THAKKAR, Proprietor of American Dry Fruit Stores, diversify and launch into processed foods export. In the interview he discusses the travails of exporting such a competitive item of merchandise.

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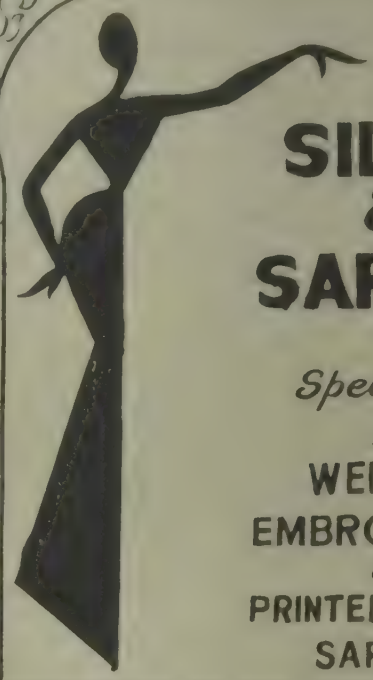

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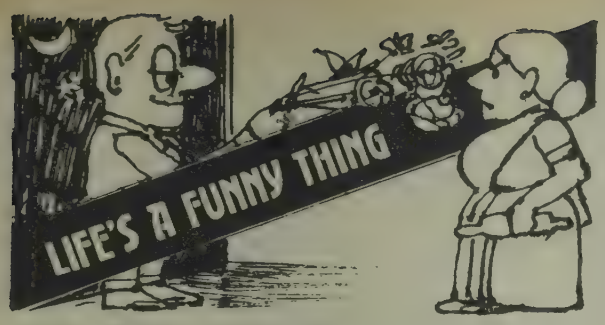

A spoonful of humour to make the medicine go down

But there are times when this fact keeps out of sight. I mean, take the population of this city. It's hitting the stars. Prices follow in its foot-steps. There are artificial shortages and these make the prices spiral. And where does all this leave a person like me — the middle-class man? It leaves me with the water an inch below my nostrils and battling every mile of the way.

Take locomoting. My train pass is upped by five rupees every couple of months. And taxis (which I leave alone because I think the drivers are savages) charge fares that bring the lining of my pockets closer together. Susie does the "battle of the budget" every month and loses it around the twenty-fourth. Therefore, we sail through the rest of the month on a wing and a prayer and the gods generally repair the rift.

But, like the man said, you've got to smile — especially when it hurts.

I've tried smiling when coming home on a rush-hour bus or train. It's impossible. First, you have to push yourself through a sweating mass of humanity to get in. Getting down, you repeat the process and feel like you've ben passed through a wringer. Once, in just such a hurry, I hurled myself into a compartment only to find it was for ladies. Judging by the looks I got from them, you'd have thought I was last month's fish.

Then, in front of my flat, on the opposite pavement, people are erecting bamboo-and-plastic tents. They mean to live here. My neighbour says, "Let's get on the phone to the police and have these hoodlums evicted." I haven't the heart to agree. I leave the phone alone and try to impress a little tolerance into my neighbour's mind.

Every time I fall ill, which Isn't often praise the Lord, my doctor writes mysterious wiggles on his prescription pad. Buying the necessary medicines eats up thirty or forty rupees. In an effort to side-track this, I take multi-vitamin capsules like Barbara Cartland. (She takes sixty a day.)

To keep reasonably well dressed, I have to buy my family clothes every now and then and, believe me, it isn't hay. Cloth prices and tailoring charges are at an altitude where you need an oxygen mask. And God help you if your children like jeans. They cost the earth, heaven knows why, and get me to the stage when I'd break into my son's piggy-bank without battling an eyelash.

Take entertainment. Susie likes stage plays so the two of us go along and pay between ten and twenty rupees for a seat. The kids like movies, but you can't get a low-priced seat because the black-marketeers bag them all. I'm told that a good day's sale for them is in the region of one hundred and fifty rupees a show. And when the children go, they eat popcorn and wafers in large quantities which increases the size of the tab. But I let them go with my blessings, hoping that they won't try to imitate the violence we see on the screen.

Our annual holiday sets me back a couple of thousand. I love air travel (in spite of the proverbial airport hassles), but Susie gets dizzy spells on a plane. So we go by rail and, at the other end, spend an enormous sum to stay in a hotel where the beds sag and the food is made up from left-overs. But the kids bubble with happiness and watching them makes it all worth while.

The educational system takes money for granted. The books I have to buy my kids would make a camel buckle at the knees. And I know, more's the pity, that they're learning subjects which they will never need when the grindstone comes into view. And when they reach college going age, I'll probably have to pay just to get the university gates to open. But then, learning things, is a must unless you wander around with a tin cup in your hand.

The song tells us to "Walk on the sunny side of the street." How do you do this when both sides are a mouldering grey? Anyway, here's wishing **you** are faced with no such problems.

See you!

SUNNY

God made life simple. It is man who complicates it.

Charles A. Lindbergh

Follow your own bent no matter what people say.

Karl Marx

Life is a grindstone: whether it grinds you down or polishes you up depends on what you're made of.

Anonymous

Life is what happens to us while we are making other plans.

Allen Saunders

Life is never so bad at its worst that it is impossible to live, it is never so good at its best that it is easy to live.

Gabriel Heatter

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT LIFE

Life is short, but its ills make it seem long.

Pubillius Syrus

It is the acme of life to understand life.

George Santayana

The web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

William Shakespeare

Living well and beautifully and justly are all one thing.

Socrates

Life is a tragedy wherein we sit as spectators for a while and then act our part in it.

Jonathan Swift

The shortness of life cannot dissuade us from its pleasures, nor console us for its pains.

Vauvenargues

Life is an unanswered question, but let's still believe in the dignity and importance of the question.

Tennessee Williams

Life imitates art far more than art imitates life.

Oscar Wilde

David Gunston

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It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.

Antoine De Saint Exupery

Whatever makes an impression on the heart seems lovely to the eye.

Sa'di

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his heart.

Joseph Addison

All the knowledge I possess everyone else can acquire, but my heart is all my own.

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe

Ideas do not come from the head but from the heart.

Heinrich Heine

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT HEARTS

In a full heart there is room for everything, and in an empty heart, there is room for nothing.

Antonio Porchia

The head does not know how to play the part of the heart for long.

La Rochefoucauld

It is too late to start
For destinations not of the heart.

R. S. Thomas

If you want to enlarge that mystic organ whence flows human kindness, you must cultivate your imagination. You must learn to put yourself in another's place, think his thoughts. The educated heart does kindness with style.

Gelett Burgess

The mechanism of the human heart, when you thoroughly understand it, is like all the other works of nature — very beautiful, very wonderful, but very simple. When it does not work well, the fault is not in the machinery, but in the management.

T. C. Haliburton

I'll give you my opinion of the human race in a nutshell — their heart's in the right place, but their head is a thoroughly inefficient organ.

W. Somerset Maugham

David Gunston

Devi

RAJNIKANT — Focus of Star Traffic

The Hockey Champ on my left shouted to no one in particular, about his passport, which some air hostess, Sultana, had reached him in time, so that he could play in Pakistan. He lost no time in making it very obvious that he was an Olympic player. I was worried about the bunch of hockey sticks he had placed near my right foot, so I requested the air hostess to move them. The champ hated the idea that the air hostess had recognised me, so he said loudly he was not interested in Hindi films and stars. Next, he was making tender enquiries about a fat South star who decided to walk up and down the plane, with the seat edges scraping her hips. "She is Deepa," said the hostess and informed me that Prem Chopra was four seats behind me. On land, in Madras, I learned more about Deepa . . . like she was a Keralite (she had worked in 'Amardeep') and her mother had cut off her childhood abruptly some years ago, when she gave Deepa hormone injections to augment her bust. Now Deepa is stuck with an enormous bustline which comes up to her eyes.

Madras gossip is strictly restricted to Female Flesh. I was told that Jayalalitha was back in M.G.R.'s fold, but not before she had flown to New York and back, for surgery of extra layers of fat. Her hips and a portion of her tummy had been sliced off. The Chola hotel had stars pinned to every suite, but no scandal. Rajesh and Dimple were there, she never stirred out of her room. He was shooting for 'Dil-E-Nadaan' directed by Sreedhar. Then there was Parveen Babi, whose co-star Jeetu was staying at the Taj Coromandel. The hotel actually was getting ready and dressy for the unit of Surya Narayan and Satya Narayan's 'Mahan' headed by Amitabh Bachchan. Anil Bajaj of Welcom Group and Nakul Anand, the Lobby Manager, had four cups of black coffee and yet could not clear the star traffic jam. They had only a few special suites, and Rajesh even when he left, had booked the best suite for one night again (the night of Amitabh's arrival), since he was shooting. Smita Patil was no problem, since she is very adaptable but Anil likes her, and wanted to give her special attention. Zeenat was coming for 'Mahan' and Chola wanted to cater to her fancy.

"We like you, too, Devi, hope you are very comfortable." And I, out of sheer devilry decided to add one more problem to the star traffic. I dethroned Shatru from Hotel Sudarshan and installed him in Chola for that night. Anyway the hotel looked relaxed once they got a message from Amitabh, that any room would do. Anyway the 'Mahan' unit arrived from Bombay to a packed airport. Zeenat with her constant companion, mystery man Kamal Siddiqui, Ashok Kumar, Nandita Thakur and K. K. Shukla were mighty thrilled till they found out the crowds were for Satya Sai Baba, who had come on the same flight. The Chola traffic jam was a little eased out, as Amitabh was delayed in Kashmir for 'Silsila', Smita left for Bombay and Zeenat was too occupied with a pain in her neck and escort Kamal Siddiqui. Kamal, like Dimple, hardly got out of the room, I did not like to intrude on them, so I did not contact them (they lived in separate suites on the same floor). Besides, unlike the stars, I do not carry my pleasures to a new city. I discover my own thrills. So the Night of the star traffic I had South Super Star Rajnikant come to my hotel and take me to his Swiss chalet. The bungalow is named "Vrindavan", it has a Tulsi Vrindavan painted yellow to justify the title. Rajni talked of horses, forests and poetry. It was three a.m. when we packed up. By morning my phone buzzed with our (his and mine) fans asking me about the Night and whether he was marrying Lata (some Y.G.P.'s niece) "I told him not to marry, and he agreed. He wants to live alone, and that shows imagination as well as confidence," I said. "Tell me, what does one do, to manage a superstar," asked an eager female.

"Just be a Devi," I replied.

Mr. E. Alkazi (ext. left) inaugurated a retrospective exhibition of Akbar Padamsee's paintings at Jehangir Art Gallery, Bombay. Also seen are (from left) Mr. J. K. S. Nicholson, the artist, Mrs. R. Alkazi, and Mrs. Leela Raj Kumar.

ABOVE: At an exhibition held by St. Paul's School, Darjeeling, at the Kamalnayan Bajaj Art Gallery in Bombay, are seen Mr. R. S. Baoni, Mr. G. R. Anthoney, Mrs. Satya Mehra and Mr. Manek Mendore.

RIGHT: Mrs. Satya Mehra speaking at the Bharata Natyam arangetram of Saritha and Sangitha Hegde held at the Tata Theatre, NCPA, Bombay. Also seen are the artistes, Mrs. S. Hegde, and Mrs. Indira Satyapriya.

BOMBAY

An exhibition was held by St. Paul's School, Darjeeling, at the Kamalnayan Bajaj Art Gallery. The chief guest, Air Chief Marshal (Retd.) O. P. Mehra, Governor, and Mrs. Satya Mehra inaugurated the pictorial exhibition depicting the life and activities of one of the oldest schools of India.

• • •

The Gramophone Company of India Limited organised a novel function at St. Xavier's College recently. A contest which involved singing any song from the film, "Love Story" was organised for teenagers. The preliminary selection was done by music experts at the HMV studio earlier and 17 talented youngsters were present on the final day at St. Xavier's College. Among them was 10 year-old Mahalaxmi, who won the second prize.

Also present on the occasion were Maharashtra's Minister for Urban Development, Mr. Chandrakant Tripathi, film stars Rajendra Kumar, Sulakshna Pandit. Vijayeta, and Kumar Gaurav. music directors Naushad and Sapan Chakravorthy and HMV's Managing Director, Mr. Anil Sud.

• • •

Over a 100 handicapped persons, paraplegics, including 30 from outside Bombay, participated in the 6th Annual Sports Meet sponsored by the Lions Club of Tardeo in collaboration with the Paraplegic Foundation, Bombay. The sports meet was inaugurated by Shernaz Kermani, herself a paraplegic.

Mrs. Satya Mehra, wife of the Governor of Maharashtra, presided over the function and distributed prizes to the winners. Lion Dist. Governor Jaywant Parekh was the guest of honour. The meeting was conducted by the President, Lion Naval Mistry.

• • •

A Bharata Natyam recital by Jayanthi Rajagopal was organised by The Fine Arts Society at the Tata Theatre, National Centre of Performing Arts.

A disciple of Kalaimamani Vazhuvoor R. Samraj, Jayanthi has given performances in Hyderabad, Madras, and Madurai. A keen athlete, she represented Tamil Nadu at the National Meet in 1977.

• • •

Art Heritage Gallery, New Delhi, organised a retrospective exhibition of the works of the distinguished painter, Akbar Padamsee at the Jehangir Art Gallery recently. Assembled with care from important collections in India and abroad, this exhibition traced the crucial stages in the development of the artist. A profusely illustrated catalogue with an essay by Eunice de Souza accompanied the exhibition. Mr. E. Alkazi was the chief guest.

DELHI

Designer Kiran Malhotra's recent exhibition-cum-fashion show at the "Gallerie" was a huge success. A vast range of salwar kurtas, Angarkhas from Rajasthan, and Kashmiri Phirans with exquisite embroidery were presented by top models. The owner of Gallerie, Asha Sharma, has provided Delhi boutiques and shops with a place in the heart of the

A meeting was organised by the Institute of Public Relations and Management at Hotel Taj Coromandel, Madras. Seen (from left) are Mr. Gyan Haksar, Founder Chairman of the Institute, Mrs. Balaraman, Mrs. Narayanaswamy, Mrs. M. Thomas, Chief Guest Prof. K. J. Joseph, Training Manager, Indian Airlines and Mr. S. Naranyanaswamy.

LEFT : Leading Delhi models, Vidyun, Anjali, and Tinu, model outfits designed by Kiran Malhotra at an exhibition-cum-fashion show held at the Gallerie recently.

At a dance recital in Bangalore are seen (from left) Mr. Aswathnarayan, Mr. Tulsi Ram, Arati Ramaswamy, Guru Gopalakrishna, Sadhana Ramaswamy, Leela Ramanathan and Shakuntala Srinivasan.

A get-together was held at the Calcutta Book Centre of St. Paul's Publications to mark the release of their latest novel for children, "The Mystery At Gul Mohar". Seated (from left) are Sr. Clement, Chief Guest Br. John Harris; the author, Mr. Vernon Thomas, and Fr. Louis Lestienne, Standing (from left) are Mr. William Thomas, Dolly Dastoor, Mr. George Sealy, Perrin Dastoor, and Kathleen Sealy.

city at Connaught Place to hold exhibitions at reasonable rates.

• • •

Sapan Baby Show sponsored by Dalmia Dairy Industries, drew a large number of entries. The babies were judged by a panel of paediatricians on the basis of looks, height, weight, dress. alertness, and immunization records. Two and a half year old Shweta Kumar won the "Sapan Baby of the year" award. Other winners were Vijay Chopra, Chirag Sethi, Karina Press and Meghna Ori in various age groups.

CALCUTTA

The 5th Branch of the Bank of Maharashtra in Calcutta at 31 A Shyamaprasad Mukherjee Road was inaugurated by Mr. Kalyan Sen, President, Indian Chamber of Commerce and Indian Chemical Manufacturers Association. The function was attended by a large number of distinguished guests. Dr. M. V. Patwardhan, Chairman and Managing Director of Bank of Maharashtra welcomed the guests and said that the Bank was started in 1935 for the upliftment of the underprivileged classes and has at present 714 branches throughout the country with correspondents all over the world.

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St. Paul Publications hosted a small informal get-together at their Calcutta Book Centre, run by the Daughters of St. Paul, to mark the publication of their latest novel for children, "The Mystery At Gul Mohar" in their Better Yourself Book series. The novel has been serialised in Eve's Weekly. Bro. John Harris of the Holy Cross Order, Professor of English, St. Xavier's High School, Kathmandu, was the chief guest. The author of the book, Mr. Vernon Thomas, was also present.

The function opened with a short welcome address by Sr. Clement, Superior of the Calcutta Book Centre. In his speech Br Harris congratulated the author on his literary achievements, the novel being Mr. Thomas' twenty-second book published to date

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The International Year of Disabled Persons was given a meaningful start by the West Bengal Government at the Rabindra Sarovar. Inaugurated by the Governor of West Bengal, the function was presided over by Miss Nirupama Chatterjee, Minister of Social Welfare. The chief guest, Mr. Jyoti Basu, spoke of establishing the rights of the disabled and the ways and means of implementing these rights to make them happy and useful citizens. Mr. Abdul Bari, Central Minister for Education spoke of his own problems as a disabled child.

MADRAS

Professor K. J. Joseph, Training Manager, Indian Airlines, gave a very interesting talk on the "Psychological Games People Play", under the auspices of the Institute of Public Relations and Management, at the Hotel Taj Coromandel. Mr. Gyan Haksar, Founder Director of the I.P.R.M. welcomed the speaker and the guests.

BANGALORE

Sisters Sadhana and Arati Ramaswami had their Bharata Natyam arangetram at the Bal Bhavan recently. Students of the Meenakshi Sundaram School of Dancing, they were trained by Guru Gopalakrishnan and Leela Ramanathan.

FOR THE WEEK
FEB. 15 — 21, 1981

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A Full Moon suggests that you will be winding up some of your activities, interests and friendships — and seeking fresh spheres. So expect the unexpected and be prepared to adjust your ideas and your plans to changing patterns. Splendid indications moneywise, if you are prepared to put in the effort and to use a special talent you have but may have neglected. A sociable year, with some promising meetings whilst travelling or during business activities. Your worldly ambitions are likely to meet with success.

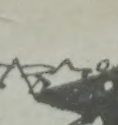
ARIES
(March 22 — April 20)

Background influences are working in your favour; someone may be doing you a good turn behind your back. In a few weeks time, hopes and plans will get planetary help. A changeable scene this week, but lighthearted.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

For some time ahead, planets will be helpful for you, and you will get home changes under way, perhaps new business ventures. Friendships are well starred so make contacts, accept invitations.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)



A special goal is now within reach and planets help your plans. An unexpected approach, new information, will be helpful. Cultivate friendships and expand your horizons.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Minor disappointments were common in the recent past, but this phase is over, so plan ahead confidently. You can achieve a hope or wish of recent months, in the near future. A good week for travel.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

Planets adversely aspecting your sign are giving the luck to others just now, but the picture changes in your favour shortly. A business matter may hang fire for a week or two; romance will lack sparkle unless you take the initiative.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Mercury moves out of opposition to your sign and you should find less confusion in your affairs, but other planets challenge you. A temporary downtrend, but future prospects are very bright.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Most promising trends, moneywise, for a few weeks. Buy now, rather than later, especially personal items. You could be a little too indulgent with loved ones, particularly youngsters in the family, or when buying anniversary gifts.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

If typical of your birth sign, you made an important change during 1980, at home or at work, and will be enjoying the benefits. The accent is on the lighter side of life, with some personal success for you

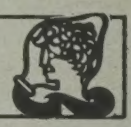
SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

It's a promising time for the property buyer or seller. Relatives will be much in the picture; making generous gestures offering practical aid, but keep time for friendships and social life.

CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

A busy social scene, with invitations yielding happy results. There may be unexpected but welcome news, also a pleasing delivery in the mail. If you have changed your job recently, some unlooked for benefits may emerge from this.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)



Mercury moves back into your sign and will keep you busy until mid-March. However, this will tend to your benefit and minor changes will turn out well. A varied scene will be lucky, so follow up promising contacts.

PISCES
(Feb 20 — March 21)

You'll find yourself in a whirl of activity, whether at work or at play and a family celebration could be part of your fun. Meetings, this week, will be rewarding, so get out and about, try fresh scenes and activities.

A NUN WITH BUSINESS SENSE

Continued from page 25

Six years ago, Sr, Mercia was sent to the Home for the Aged in Old Goa. She was counselled, however, to let her emerging organisational talent lie fallow. She was told to make plans for the improvement of the convent but not to implement them for some time.

"There was so much to be done," recalled Sr. Mercia. "The home was badly in need of repair. The walls were dilapidated. Thieves raided the grounds at night and made off with the coconuts and the few fowls in the coop. The area was overgrown with shrubs and thorny bushes, and a smell of rotting vegetation and bird droppings filled the air. The convent was also heavily dependant on charity for its maintenance."

When named Superior about three years ago, Sr. Mercia had the grounds cleared of refuse. She demarcated plots for the planting of coconut saplings (the quick-yielding variety) and had the kitchen garden extended. She installed cages for the poultry; she has now 200 broilers "all excellent layers." She had a pen built for the six buffaloes, and an enclosure for pigs. A high wall was built round the grounds, and the buildings extended to accommodate staff and the mentally deranged among the aged. The chapel was placed on the ground floor within easy access of the old and infirm.

Her most ambitious project is the gobar gas plant. It is fed every alternate day with cow dung, poultry droppings and fish offal. "The slurry (waste gas residue) makes good fertiliser and we use it on our plants," said the nun. "Some of it is sold to farmers, and of course our full-cream milk, eggs and fowls for the table are in great demand."

Bank loans paid for each successive project. "Most of the borrowed cash has been repaid," said Sr. Mercia, "and we are beginning to show a neat profit. This should increase. Unless," she mused, "we plan a new project or take in more of the aged destitutes."

"We give them plain but nourishing fare. A doctor attends to their aches and pains. They have the solace of their religion, the rites of the faith they have been brought up in.

"Paying guests? We have a few retired gentlemen housed in a separate wing of the house. What they pay for board and bed helps towards the up-keep of the penniless aged women here."

Sr. Mercia, now a robust 42-year-old woman, has a serene, unlined face and smiling eyes. Though she was interviewed late in the evening, at the end of a hard day's work, she did not appear fatigued. Indeed, her fingers flew over a piece of linen she was embroidering. She is a skilled needlewoman and regards needlework as a form of relaxation, not work. Where does she get her energy from? Is she not afraid that some of her projects may end in failure?

"Prayer and confidence in God are an unfailing source of strength," she answered.

Cecilia D'Souza

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